JAN 13 1942

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXII. No. 564. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1941 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 485
ACROSS TWO HEMISPHERES 487
WOMEN IN INDUSTRY. By Dr. H. M. Vernon 488
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 489
THIS ENGLAND 490
THE CATS OF CAMDEN TOWN. By Polly Hill 490
MUSIC AT DINNER. By Kingsley Martin . 490
LIGHT FROM THE SOUTH. By Raymond Mortimer 490
CLASS DISTINCTIONS. By Y. Y. . . 491
PLAYS AND PICTURES 492
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait . 492
CORRESPONDENCE 492
From L. J. Cadbury; Edward Thompson; Lord Holden and others.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By A. L. Rowse Page 494
REVIEWS:
English on the Air. By V. S. Pritchett 495
Nationalising Industry. By Urbanus . 495
Roulette. By G. W. Stonier . . . 496
Doctors and Nurses. By Harry Roberts 497
Children's Books. By Frances Bird . 498
A War Novel. By Tom Paine . 498
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 499

THE AXIS STRIKES HARD

AMERICA is now our belligerent ally in law as in sentiment. But our satisfaction over this immense addition to our military resources is overshadowed by the consciousness that we are comrades in disaster. From the standpoint of morals and politics Japan's treacherous attack may turn out to be in the long run one of the capital mistakes in world history, for it has mobilised the hesitating American people for total war. But we have to face the fact that as a military performance it revealed a deadly efficiency. In three days the Japanese have reversed the whole balance of power in the Pacific, which seemed to be against them when they struck. The *Prince of Wales* was sent out to the East, with so much foresight, only to be sunk, and the *Repulse* has gone down with her. How many ships the Americans lost in the attack on Pearl Harbour is still uncertain, for some of their damaged vessels may be capable of repair; two battleships were certainly sunk, the elderly *Oklahoma* and the *West Virginia*. At the same time it is more than probable that the Japanese have occupied Midway and Wake islands, together with Guam, an air base fortified with two formidable golf-links. This seems to mean that the Japanese for some time to come have won the command of this ocean and that over a great part of it their numerous submarines and aircraft may be able to operate with relative immunity. Far apart and remote from the seat of the enemy's power, the Allies retain their two bases at Singapore and Pearl Harbour, but for weeks or months to come they will be reduced to the defensive. The most disturbing aspect of this ill news is not that the Americans were taken by surprise, and seem to have been, as the neglect of Guam shows, unprepared for serious war. Our sailors were ready, and no one doubts their competence or their vigilance, yet the battleship which embodied all the latest inventions of our naval architects could be sunk by an attack from the air. Are the Japanese using some explosive more deadly than anything we have yet encountered, or were the experts justified who argued that great capital ships are out of date?

With the control of the Pacific wrested from the British and U.S.A. navies, the land possessions of the A.B.C.D. Powers will pass through a period of considerable danger. Thailand, after a symbolic resistance of one day's duration, has succumbed to Co-Prosperity: her capital has been occupied, and across her territory a Japanese army is marching towards Rangoon and the Burma road. About Singapore itself we cannot be free from anxiety; it is not certain that we can retain its hinterland, the narrow Malay peninsula. Hong-Kong has so far defended its approaches on the mainland with success, and the Chinese, with exemplary promptitude, are aiding its defence by a march on Canton. We may be sure that the Dutch will defend their islands stubbornly, but for some time it may not be in our power to do much from the sea to aid them. The Philippine Islands occupy the most exposed position of all, and it may be true that the Japanese have already landed in force on Luzon. The chief handicap from which the Allies suffer is not merely the loss of so many capital ships, but their lack of naval and air bases near enough to Japan to serve the turn of offensive tactics. Vladivostok, with its big submarine and bomber fleets, would be invaluable, though no one can wish to involve the Russians in a second land war. Their decision may turn on America's attitude towards the other Axis Powers; were she to declare war on Germany, Russia might reciprocate against Japan.

It may be that the hardest task we have to face is at once to tighten our belts for siege economies at home and at the same time to clarify our strategical picture of what is now a world-wide war. It cannot be won between Singapore and Pearl Harbour, nor yet in Libya. The chief enemy of us all is still Nazi Germany, and in the last resort she can be defeated only in Europe and only on land. While we congratulate ourselves that General Tojo has ended America's hesitations and "brought her in" without reservations, the fact remains that alone among the Allies Russia has a great land army in being. To balance British and American losses, the U.S.S.R. has two considerable successes to report this week. Her northern army has retaken Tikhvin and cleared the railway which links Leningrad, through Vologda, with Moscow. In the centre the vital road and railway running southwards through Tula have also been recovered. In the south, Marshal Timoshenko's counter-offensive still prospers. These facts incline us to accept as truthful the official German announcement that, save for local skirmishes, the war in the East is suspended for the winter and the attacks on Moscow suspended till the spring. It is said that typhus, a plague peculiar to winter, is raging in the German ranks. It is possible that Hitler will now strike in the West, perhaps through Portugal, Spain and Spanish Morocco, perhaps through Bizerta and French Tunisia, in an effort to win the Western Mediterranean. In any event, his air-force will be freed for operations against this island. In one way or another we may soon be reminded that Europe is the centre of the world's battlefield. Hitler will be alive to the psychological uses of our disaster in the Pacific. On the Allied side the strength and progress of Russia is a great and heartening factor, outweighing, it may be, all other losses. If once the prestige and confidence of the German army is undermined, disasters in other parts of the world will soon be retrieved. We would second the plea of the *Times*, which we have often made ourselves, for the creation of an inter-allied General Staff to co-ordinate all our efforts and work out a long-range strategical plan.

India in the Battle-Zone.

With the Japanese marching on Rangoon, even Mr. Churchill may regret that he sent the Burmese Premier back to his capital a sore and disappointed man. We cannot hope that the subject peoples of the East will help us in the day of disaster, unless our victory means their freedom. India may be before long within range of the Japanese bombers. The gesture of liberating the Congress prisoners, though only one in ten of them is yet free, was a good beginning but no more. If we want to mobilise

the manhood and the labour power of India on our side at a moment when we need every ally we can win, we shall have to give India without delay a National Government of her own. We should not try to bargain or discuss the problems of the future. There may be no future, if we delay. The details must be left to India's own leaders to settle. That Mr. Gandhi personally will co-operate, we do not expect: his unbending pacifism forbids him to do that. Neither have we hopes of Mr. Jinnah. But we believe that all the less doctrinaire men of both creeds and parties can be won in this hour of manifest danger on one condition—that India shall govern herself now and determine her own future. The obvious course is that the Viceroy should ask the liberated Congress President, a Muslim, Maulana Abul Azad to meet him at the same time as Mr. Nehru. The Hindus would be wise to suggest that a reasonable Muslim, perhaps Sir Sikundar Hyat Khan, should head as premier the first National Government. Mr. Churchill should remember that when he used to divide the House on the Indian issue, he led a small minority to continual defeat.

Accessory Enemies

The declaration of war against Finland, Hungary and Rumania caused no ripple in public opinion. Since they joined in the invasion of Jugoslavia and Russia they have been the enemies of our allies, and, therefore, inevitably, our enemies. The diplomatic preliminaries of sounding the United States have served a purpose, since they enabled President Roosevelt to publicise that Finland was unwilling or unable to cease fighting for the Axis. From our point of view they are Hitler's junior partners and engaged in aggression. This last applies particularly to Finland, whom we supported when U.S.S.R. attacked her in 1939, even while we understood the strategic argument behind Stalin's action and agreed in deploring Mannerheim's record. If Stalin had openly made the strategic case, many who were nauseated by the pretence that Finland was about to attack Russia, would have been less hostile to the Soviet Union on that issue. Even so, we believe that history will regard Stalin's war with Finland as a mistake. Finland was willing to agree to most of the proposed frontier modifications, and Hangoe, which was the chief bone of contention, is now again in Finnish hands. Had it not been for that war, fostered by Germany, Finland would not have been Hitler's complacent tool. None of this, however, is now to the point. All these Powers are aiding Hitler however reluctant their peoples.

Conscripting Property (*from an Industrial Correspondent*)

Is the demand that the essential war industries shall be taken over by the State a real attempt to further the war effort, or is it "illegitimate party propaganda?" The answer must depend on the genuineness of the conviction which lies behind it. If a man believes that public ownership of this or that industry is really necessary in order to defeat the Nazis, he has surely a right to say so, and to do his best to get the policy he believes in adopted, without being called unpatriotic or a political blackmailer. The Labour delegates at the Labour Party Conference and the T.U.C., when they sanctioned the entry of Labour Ministers into the Churchill Government, certainly did not understand that it was an implied condition that we should fight the war through to the end under private capitalism, even at the cost of losing it. Indeed, Mr. Attlee told them the direct opposite, when he appealed to them on the ground that the war effort would require the application of Socialist principles, and spoke as if he meant to take the war industries firmly into the hands of the State. Attlee has changed his tune since the Dunkirk days; he now talks only platitudes. But last week's vote (including the abstentions) shows that a good many Labour M.P.s have not forgotten. They see the workers getting more and more restive at the feeling of wasted effort and lack of effective direction on the economic front; and they must find some way of saying what they are sure their constituents want said. But as soon as they say anything the reactionary press is down on them, and their own leaders (whatever they may do behind the scenes) join the chorus which is raised to drown their voices. It is, of course, true that the taking over of war industries, if it is desirable, ought not to be a *quid pro quo* for the acceptance of all-round conscription of men and women: it ought to be advocated on its own merits. But if waste of man-power through inefficient or unpatriotic management is at any rate part of the reason why this further compulsion is being applied, surely this is the right occasion for raising the question of the means of improving the quality of management and organisation. If not, what is the right occasion? Attempts to raise the matter earlier on have been denounced just as fervently as infractions of the political truce. The plain fact is that the Tory party does not want it to be raised at all, and will use any argument that comes handy to discredit those who do raise it.

* * *

Politics apart, however, the problem is difficult. It would be perfectly simple (and I think highly desirable) to nationalise the railways out of hand. It would be less simple, but not really difficult, to nationalise the coal mines; and this would probably make a good deal more practical difference to efficiency, because they are much less unified than the railways, and much more affected in their war-time working by the divided ownerships. But it would not be at all simple to nationalise the munition industries out and out, on account of their many ramifications and of the extent to which firms from a wide variety of industries have shifted over temporarily to munition making. But I doubt if anyone seriously proposes that the entire range of war factories should be brought under public ownership. What most of those who advocate a policy of "War Socialism" in this field really want is something a long way short of this. They want certain basic processes now controlled by great capitalist monopolies brought under public ownership (*e.g.* steel-making, non-ferrous metal manufacture and shipbuilding); and in the engineering group they want certain big firms which are in the nature of vertical or horizontal combines effectively taken over. If this were done, they would be quite content to leave the surviving small and middle-sized firms in private ownership, subject to a public control exercised through a Regional Board with executive and not advisory power. The simplest way of achieving what is wanted would be (1) to put all shareholders on fixed payments for the war period; (2) to sack all boards of directors *as such*, while retaining on salaries all directors who play an active part in industrial management; and (3) if financial incentives are needed, to offer special bonuses on output to all directors, managers, technicians, and clerical and manual workers in each establishment, based on output and not on profits. This incentive would have much more effect on production than, say, allowing shareholders to retain a proportion of E.P.T., or winking at stratagems for equipping works for post-war purposes out of profits, or, in general, pandering to financial interests instead of recognising the services of the real managers and production engineers.

* * *

But, would this increase efficiency? With some knowledge of present conditions in the war trades, I feel sure that it would. It is not a Utopian solution; nor is it one which, as a Socialist, I much like. But I want to get the most out of industry, however it can be got; and I don't want to make party capital. Where I think the State would score, if this solution were adopted, is first in the direct response which the new incentive would yield, in the form of a real team-spirit between workers and managers in the factories (the bonuses would, of course, be payable by the State and not by the owners of the separate firms); and, secondly, in the increased power which the Government would get to make the most economical use of skilled management, as well as of skilled labour. We hear a tremendous lot about the need to redistribute skilled craftsmen as thinly as possible over all the war factories. We hear very much less about the need to redistribute managers, although in sober truth really skilled management is an even scarcer commodity than highly skilled labour. If the shareholders and financial directors were put out of the way (with proper compensation on an income basis) for the war period, the State could move managers about freely, and put the good men into the big jobs. I do not suggest that this method should be applied to all the war factories—at any rate, in the first instance. I say, try it out with the really big firms, and see how it works—leaving open the question whether these firms are to be returned to their previous owners, or kept as public property, after the war. Can anyone seriously regard that as an improper or unpatriotic suggestion? I am not even proposing to "conscript wealth" to the extent of depriving the most useless shareholder of his income. That is a matter to be handled by taxation, and not by the selective confiscation which is in practice going on already at the expense of a host of "small men." I am proposing only a plan for improved organisation in the war industries, coupled with an offer of incentive, not to functionless shareholders, but to the people who are in a position to deliver the goods. I hope the forty or so just men who voted for Mr. Daggar's amendment, and a good many others, will think this over carefully—and try again.

Hapsburg Propaganda

The susceptibility of Americans to European monarchy and aristocracy is compounded of a nostalgia for the pageantry in which new republics are deficient, and of an almost innocently romantic snobbery. It has been responsible for a considerable export of heiresses in the past. It is being exploited now, with marked skill, in favour of a Hapsburg restoration. The sons of the Emperor Charles have never, for a day, been allowed to forget this aim; the Empress Zita is not a Bourbon for nothing. They have also been educated in the royal charm which the simple find so overwhelming. They are now strategically dispersed, the Arch-Duke Otto (the Emperor-Presumptive) in the United States, the Arch-Duke Felix in South America, the Arch-Duke Robert in Britain. The last pursues no public propaganda; the second appeals to the Central European emigration and to the Catholic influence of Latin America. Arch-Duke Otto visits Austrian and Hungarian settlements in America and Canada, and speaks in public. Both he and the Arch-Duke Felix write for a New York paper called *The Voice of Austria*. His thesis is that Danubian confederation is necessary, because the Succession States, divided, fell without resistance before Nazi aggression. Under a strong League of Nations the basin bounded by the Alps, the Carpathians and the Bosnian ranges should form a unity which could dispense with power-policy. It appears that the Arch-Duke is in favour of the campaign launched in September by Tibor Eckhardt, which is advocating, in the United States, a Free Hungary movement. The affairs of the Danube Basin cannot be settled so simply as that. It is, of course, true that strategically

the territory is one. It was that factor which made nonsense of the frontiers of Munich. But while federation of the Succession States is desirable, and economically essential, it would be disastrous to effect it under a Hapsburg. Even if his mildly progressive views are sincere—and it is extremely hard to imagine one of his race favouring anything more modern than a benevolent paternalism—he could not regain power except as the symbol and with the support of every reactionary element in the old Austro-Hungarian regime. The frivolous vacuity of the Austrian aristocrats, the Hungarian landowners wasting the money wrung from the labour of landless peasants in the night clubs of Budapest; the repression of all freedom of speech and vote; the old black alliance of army, police, and church would be reconstituted, and the dreams of the working people doomed. It must be hoped that those elements in American life, which include Washington hostesses and some of the State Department officials, who cherish illusions about royalty, will not succeed in putting this twist upon American post-war policy.

At War With Japan (*From a Parliamentary Correspondent*)

After the Prime Minister's solemn pronouncement on the Japanese attack, discussion in the Smoke Room switched from Europe to Asia. What does the Government propose to do to bring India fully behind the war effort? I heard strong Conservatives declare that the Government should take a quite new initiative there. One Conservative recalled that Churchill never succeeded in getting more than forty members into the lobby in support of his views on India. Now that he is Prime Minister that minority view prevails. The effects of American needs upon the shipping situation and upon the supply of munitions from America to ourselves and Russia were also the subject of much speculation.

The sting was taken out of the Second Reading of the National Service Bill. The three days' debate on the Government's motion had made the Second Reading largely redundant. The debate was also restricted to the contents of the Bill itself, the Speaker having made it clear that he could not accept a reasoned motion for its rejection. Most important of all there is general agreement on the need for the Bill, provided adequate safeguards are included. The real fight over the Bill will take place on the Committee stage. Many members dislike the idea that women should be conscripted for the forces. If the A.T.S. is adequately organised and controlled, they argue the supply of recruits will be adequate. There is also dislike for the proposal to register young people between 16 and 18 for the purpose of directing them into youth movements.

Over last week's revolt in the Labour Party there was some straight speaking, both at the Executive and the Party meeting. The voting and the abstentions last week show that a considerable section of the Labour Party cannot understand why labour is being conscripted, while the even more vital factors in efficient production such as control of management and plant are not being faced.

The Labour Ministers now propose to bring forward specific proposals to the Government for national control.

ADVERTISED GOODS.—The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow readers to post this paper to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but readers are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

ACROSS TWO HEMISPHERES

OUR ancestors were deeply shocked when Frederick the Great set the precedent which General Tojo followed last Sunday—so shocked that the memory of what he did has echoed through two centuries. He despatched a declaration of war before he marched into Silesia, but he started fighting before his couriers could reach Vienna. After General Tojo had struck his first blows, his envoys actually entered into a peaceful, if uncomfortable talk with Mr. Cordell Hull: several hours after the first attack came the declaration of war. It is clear, as President Roosevelt said, that this treacherous procedure must have been arranged days or weeks ago: the talks in Washington had no purpose save deception. We will not affect surprise: the legend that the Japanese still cherish the chivalrous traditions of Bushido had perished in the sordid record of recent years. If we are not startled, it is none the less necessary to fix this experience in our memories. Japan has acted with the same blend of brutality and deceit that her partners in the Axis had rendered classical. We live in a world where gangsters are as likely as not to fire from a hidden gun while they talk. Our enemy is not only this or that evil dictator; still less is he a particular race or its supposedly innate character: what we have to end is this gangster habit of mind and the anarchy that gave it birth. The only aspect of Japan's conduct that justifies surprise is its apparent recklessness. This Power, through half a century, has lived for war and thriven by aggression. But her disappointments in China should have warned her that to challenge the limitless resources of the United States, backed by Britain, the Dominions, the Dutch and possibly the Russians, may, in the long run, be perilous. Unhappily the event has proved that Japan is very much stronger in the air and at sea than any expert had suggested.

It is possible to understand this event only if we view it as the climax of a long series of wars of expansion which began with the taking of Korea. Even if the authenticity of Baron Tanaka's memorandum cannot be proved any more than the testament of Peter the Great, it will reflect the megalomaniac plan which successive Japanese governments, amid fierce rivalries and many assassinations, have faithfully carried out. A career so consistent bears the marks of an inevitable process. The destiny of Japan lay in her social structure. The internal revolution of last century made her an actor in the contemporary world, endowed her with modern industries and some of the forms of Western political life, but it left her still a theocracy with a feudal ruling caste. A people which has an incarnate god for Emperor can with difficulty take its place as an equal in the family of nations. Two noble clans divided power between them, one at the head of the Army and the other in charge of the Fleet. A zoologist could predict the conduct of a tiger or a cobra, without ever having seen these creatures in action: teeth, fangs and digestive organs proclaim them formidable carnivores. The social anatomy of Japan told its own story. Equipped in this way, this obsolete yet alarming organism was bound to seek the solution of its difficult economic problem in military expansion over the Pacific.

How anxious Japan's economic problem was, we all realise. While her population rapidly outgrew the harvests of her islands, Nature had provided within them neither adequate sources of mechanical power nor the raw materials for her expanding industries. The customary play of economic motive was at work, here as elsewhere, and the drive of her oligarchic Big Business would in any event have turned her policy towards imperialism. But at every crisis in her development, the alternate pressure of these two militarist clans quickened the pace, widened the horizon of her ambitions and led her to reject the solution of peaceful expansion. She can plead with truth that doors were closed to her emigrants in some regions which had room for them. But it is questionable whether emigration could ever have solved, though it might have eased, her problem. Certainly it was not homes for her surplus population that she sought in Manchuria or in China proper: both are densely peopled and the former has a climate too rigorous for her farmers. On the score of raw materials and markets she had no valid excuse. Her access even to strategic materials was so little hampered that only after four years of her cruel war on China was it interrupted and then only when she was confessedly meditating aggression on the countries which supplied her. The world's markets were never closed to her and she met with discrimination only while she was using her de-valued currency in an orgy of dumping. Had she chosen to help the Chinese to develop their backward industries and communications in a friendly and fraternal way, a genuine "Co-prosperity Sphere" would have come into being spontaneously without "incidents" and mutual ruin. Her social structure forbade that solution. The two militarist clans, which have always guided her destinies insisted on doing with violence and bravado what her merchants and technicians could have accomplished with goodwill.

We shall do well to keep this question of Japan's theocratic and feudal organisation in our minds, when we near the settlement of this war. Let us sweep away once for all the maxim of Victorian isolationism which forbade us to concern ourselves with the social structure of other peoples. Some forms of social organisation, because they embody ideas of domination and exclusiveness, are incompatible with peace. A social transformation is as indispensable in feudal Japan as in Nazi Germany. In the one case as in the other we shall bedevil the settlement if we allow ourselves to play with ideas of race and original sin, as the Germans do. There is a Yellow Peril, as there is an Aryan Peril; but they do not reside in inherent racial characteristics. In Germany the wave of Fascist thought which infected the world twenty years ago created its own agency of constitutional forms. In Japan those forms existed already, ready to act as the vehicle for the traditions and impulses of a barbarous past. Now the religion of the State and the privilege of the military caste have become a madness destroying half the world.

The Japanese have scored immense successes by the treachery of their surprise attack. But they have also aroused the United States. By a few minutes' work these imperial gangsters turned this hesitating nation into a wholehearted belligerent. The President need plead with his people no longer. The day of gradualism and half-measures is over. Isolationalism went to the bottom with the ill-fated *Oklahoma*. What was lacking hitherto was the swifter tempo, the higher temperature, the quicker step of wartime. For the average American citizen everything, when he looked around his hemisphere, was still normal: indeed, it was more than normal, for he enjoyed a trade-boom. Bent on business as usual, the captains of industry would have their profits, which in turn justified the workers in their strikes: the Opposition played party-politics in Congress and the State Department appeased its friends in France and Spain, while the conscripts asked why they must drill. There will henceforth be no more of this untimely normality. If we understand the American

temperament, it will now fling itself into this struggle without counting the cost. The President knew what he was doing when, on Monday, he addressed to Congress one of the quietest and briefest speeches ever delivered on a great occasion. America now needs no exhortation: his task will be to guide and organize.

The question inevitably presents itself: Will the effort which the United States must now make in the Pacific unbalance her contribution to the war that now spans the earth? Some such effect for a time it must have. This island will be half forgotten: the Atlantic will seem by contrast the truly pacific ocean: Libya will sink out of sight and even Russia will become for Americans a secondary battlefield. Their chief task will now be to hasten the building first of warships and then of planes for their own needs. It is doubtful whether the arms promised to us and the Russians can now be delivered; in any case the flow cannot be quickened. That celebrated stream will not become a flood as promptly as had been prophesied. This was, presumably, the effect on which Hitler relied when he incited the Japanese to attack. His reckoning was for once short-sighted. What will happen, what is actually happening as we write, will be the conversion of all America's industrial resources to the needs of total war. So long as the United States was legally a neutral, men would not make, and the law could not impose, the sacrifices demanded by total war. The average man refused to go short even of a refrigerator or a new car and industry was eager to supply him. The result was that round mid-summer the needs of defence absorbed only 15 per cent. of the national production. That percentage will now shoot upwards in a steep curve. As this happens, the total output of planes, tanks and ships will rise so rapidly that after the first difficult months America will be able to satisfy her own needs and yet to produce for the Russians, the Chinese and ourselves a greater surplus than she would have achieved, if she had remained a semi-neutral. The motive of the whole process has been transformed. Last week it was that of normal business qualified by sympathy. To-day it is patriotism heightened by anger and alarm.

We do not know whether Congress will even take the next logical step by recognising that America is in a state of war not only with Japan but with the whole Axis. It is likely that Hitler will save it that trouble. Psychologically, we may be sure, the American public has taken it already. The alliance which binds it to us cannot be limited by degrees of longitude: if it holds in one sea, it stretches to all the seven. For reasons of their own the Japanese have omitted the Russians from their challenge to the Western Powers. If it suits the enemy to leave them out, we might wish to have them in. But the Russians on their side may welcome this probably temporary immunity. This may explain why they were not included in the A.B.C.D. group. The next obvious step in this war which straddles two hemispheres is to achieve unity of action alike in the military, political and industrial fields. This is a single struggle and the master-key to success is that each of us shall contribute the utmost he has to give, be it the man-power of the Russians and Chinese, our own naval power, or the industrial power of the Americans, and shall use it where it will render the best service to the common cause. Commonsense insists that an allied General Staff should be assembled without delay, with a political and an industrial as well as a military section, to work out a long-range plan of victory and adjust it to the changing needs of the day. It is well that we have, as Mr. Churchill tells us, four-fifths of mankind behind us. It would be better still if he could muster them under a co-ordinated and co-operative command.

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY

IT is affirmed by Mr. Bevin, the Minister of Labour, that we must increase our industrial output by 30 to 40 per cent. this winter, and he declares that for this purpose he needs at least a million married women. In the last war married women formed about a fourth of all the women engaged on munition work, but now they are likely to form a much larger proportion. It has been decided that women without children are to be subject to "direction," but not compulsory military service. Women with children are subject to no sort of compulsion, though there is little doubt that some of them will volunteer for work. Mr. Bevin deplored the frightful labour turnover of the women, and investigations made during the last war showed that about a third of them dropped out in every three-month period for various reasons such as the call of domestic duties, ill-health, and unsuitability for their work. The turnover of the single women was substantially less, though it averaged a quarter of the whole number employed, or twice as much as is generally observed in peacetime. What can we do to diminish the tremendous wastage? It is chiefly dependent upon the excessive hours of work demanded of the women, and of their physical inability to cope with such hours. The married women in particular have to devote a good deal of time to shopping and to looking after their homes, but they must now, if childless, cope with these duties as well as with their war work.

The difficulties raised by the shopping problem are well illustrated by an article in the current number of *Labour Management*. Here it is pointed out that in an industrial centre such as Birmingham a number of the shops close at five o'clock or even earlier, which makes it impossible for those employed on a normal working day to do any shopping. In a London area it was found that over half the women shopped on Friday nights, and two-thirds of them on Saturday afternoons. Half of the women had difficulty in obtaining their meat supplies, whilst it was practically impossible for them to get cooked meats or any of the non-rationed foods because they could not go to the shops in the mornings. The great majority of the women questioned had to do their own shopping, and normally had to queue. As a solution of the shopping problem it is suggested that the shops should remain open till late on certain evenings of the week, and remain open during the lunch hour. Some firms give weekly morning leave up to three hours, or a shopping break before the lunch hour, but such schemes inevitably reduce production.

An even greater difficulty than the shopping problem arises if the women have any children. Crèches and nursery schools are seldom available, and meals are not obtainable at a considerable proportion of the schools. The husbands of the women can often get a good mid-day meal at their factory canteen, but they need a meal in the evening, and this throws further strain on the tired women. The result is that they become so over-fatigued that they have to take a day off from their work once a week or fortnight in order to recuperate, or to cease factory work altogether. The sub-committee of the Select Committee on National Expenditure, in their Seventeenth Report, stated that in two filling factories investigated by them the absenteeism among the women during the winter months varied between 15 and 20 per cent., and was 60 to 90 per cent. higher among the women than among the men. It was partly owing to transport difficulties, but numerous observations made during the last war showed that, of the total working time lost by absenteeism, roughly half was due to sickness. A medical examination of 2,500 workers indicated that over a third were suffering from some degree of fatigue or ill-health, whilst in 7 per cent. of them these symptoms were very marked. The observations were made on the women actually at work in the factories, and took no account of the large number who had dropped out entirely because of sickness. A later Report of the Committee recommends that their hours of work should not exceed 55 per week, and that they should have one day's rest in seven. Yet neither of these recommendations is followed in many of the factories. The Annual Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories states that a return from 5,493 factories showed that in nearly half of them the women were working between 57 and 60 hours a week. Again, the Select Committee reported that at the filling factories previously mentioned the hours averaged 56 per week, and that a seven-day week was worked by two of the three shifts. It is true that these workers got 23½ hours' rest at the weekly change-over, but this period falls a good deal short of the 39 to 40 hours' rest which every woman worker should get if she is to maintain her health.

Even if the hours of work comply with the recommendations of the Select Committee, they do not solve the difficulties. Their only satisfactory solution, especially in regard to married women, is to cut down the hours of work well below the 55-hour limit. This can usually be done, with little if any reduction of productive capacity, by installing the well-known two-shift system as it was arranged in peacetime, but with a slight modification. One of the two shifts worked from 6 a.m. to 2 p.m., and the other from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. Each shift had half an hour break for a meal, and therefore put in 7½ hours of work. The afternoon shift did not work on Saturdays, and therefore put in only 37½ hours a week, whilst the morning shift put in 45 hours; but there is no reason why, in wartime, the afternoon shift should not work from 2 p.m. to 6.30 p.m. on Saturdays, and thereby put in 42 hours a week altogether. As the shifts change over every week they would average 43½ hours, and an investigation made on groups of women who were sometimes employed on shift-work and sometimes on ordinary day work showed that in such occupations as coil-winding, lathe-work and cable-work they could attain as great a production in a 43½-hour week as in one of 48½ hours. This was chiefly owing to their keeping more persistently at their work during the shorter working week, and observations made on large groups of women who were employed during the last war for 55½ to 57½ hours a week on lathe work (the production of fuses) suggested that they, too, would have attained nearly as good an output if they had been on the slightly modified two-shift system. Owing largely to their working week being beyond their physical powers, they lost 8 or 9 hours a week from absenteeism, and were in actual attendance at the factory for less than 48 hours.

Women on the two-shift system would have plenty of time for shopping in the morning or the afternoon, and might in addition be able to look after a child or two for half the day. If a neighbour was employed in the same factory during the alternative shift, she might be able to supervise the children during their mother's absence, though admittedly it would be hard work to do so. If the management required the women to work every third week on night shift, from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m., they could still find time for shopping and household duties, and it is to be remembered that on the scheme outlined they would always have one free day per week. All the recent evidence goes to show that if the workers are to maintain their health and vigour they *must* have this free day, and Sunday is much the most convenient time for it. In spite of the factory plant being idle, output does not fall off, and the management can utilise the free day for the repair of machinery.

DR. H. M. VERNON

A LONDON DIARY

For those who like competitions I recommend the problem of stating what countries are now at war with what other countries. You will find it more complicated than you think.

* * *

Will people even now draw the proper moral from the Pacific disaster? That we ought to have had more battleships, better armoured than even the "Prince of Wales"? Certainly such vessels would be useful now if they existed. But the moral goes back ten years ago to the days when Sir John (now Lord) Simon upheld the cause of Japanese expansion in Manchuria and was supported by newspapers and M.P.s, who thought the Japanese were creating order in Asia, would fight only the Bolsheviks and would look after British interests in southern China. Even when Japan launched her full war against China proper these people would not listen when we suggested that America and the British Empire ought not to be supplying Japan with the oil and other materials without which Tokio could not organise war. Now America is wondering how many dumps, supplied by Standard Oil, have been prepared in the countless islands where Japanese ships can refuel at leisure. Perhaps at last someone will notice what the Tanaka Memorandum really said; it was as explicit a programme as *Mein Kampf*.

* * *

An important issue was involved in the argument between Ernest Bevin and Aneurin Bevan about the position of M.P.s under the new National Service Bill. Mr. Churchill tells us, very properly, that it is vital for Parliament to play its full part in the war. That is only conceivable if M.P.s are independent men with time and freedom to visit their constituents and to follow, criticise and take part in Government measures. With a political truce and no serious by-elections this is all the more necessary. Now nine months ago I remember that the 1941 Committee pointed out that over one-third of M.P.s were servants of the Government in some capacity or other. If Members between 40 and 50 years of age are now called up approximately another 40 per cent. of M.P.s are involved. What will then be left of parliamentary life? What will the House of Commons become but an automatic register of Government wishes?

* * *

In a week of less immense events more attention would have been paid to the meeting of Stalin and Sikorski in Moscow. Sikorski is clearly a very considerable man. He ran risks with his friends and colleagues in reaching an agreement with the U.S.S.R. and he has had the realism to visit Moscow and to reach a fuller understanding with Stalin. The official communique from Moscow after the Stalin-Sikorski interview suggests something more than merely burying the hatchet and an arrangement for equipping the Poles in the U.S.S.R. to fight with the Red Army. In his speech, made in Stalin's presence and with his apparent agreement, Sikorski spoke of an alliance based on mutual recognition of each other's "sovereignty and institutions" and the communique envisaged a permanent arrangement which would maintain peace over Eastern Europe. I imagine that the details of frontiers, the Curzon line and so on, would be left until after the fighting was over; it is clear that both Poles and Russians are ready for a very tough policy towards "Hitlerite Germany," and it may be that both countries envisage a Soviet hegemony, not only over Eastern Germany, but over all of South-East Europe. In plain English, the agreement seems to say "we will fight together until victory; Russia promises Polish independence, and on that understanding we recognise that the U.S.S.R. will be the dominant Power throughout Eastern Europe."

Fritz Thyssen's memoirs are out at length, under the title *I Paid Hitler* (Hodder & Stoughton, 8s. 6d.). He dictated them to their editor, in the Riviera, after the outbreak of war; he opposed the invasion of Poland and fled from Germany to escape the Gestapo. He has disappeared since the fall of France. They form a curious psychological study of the "business man" who everywhere has lent respectability and provided funds for Fascism and aggression. He gave the Nazi party a million marks directly; and much more through the German National Party under Hugenberg, which subscribed about two million a year; he arranged the formation of the S.A., and the adherence of the Rhenish industrialists. Yet he was horrified by Jew-baiting and religious persecution, and broke with Hitler over the war. *Mutatis mutandis*, he was indistinguishable from the satisfied conservative rich men everywhere, who upheld Hitler as the foe of disorder and Bolshevism, who practised Fifth Column propaganda in Holland, appeasement in Britain, isolation in America, and ended as he did (if they had the sense) beating his forehead and crying "Ein Dummkopf war ich!"

* * *

Goebbels for once was generous. Mozart, he said, addressing the audience at the Salzburg Festival held last week to commemorate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his death, was a great German who wrote for and belonged not to Germans only, but to all mankind. Not, however, apparently, to the English, if one may judge from the *Radio Times* which last week included only one Mozart concert in its programme list. This was timed for Friday, December 5, the day of Mozart's death, when at 10.55 p.m. (when most of us were going or had gone to bed) two operatic arias, the Overture to the Magic Flute, and an excerpt from the Requiem, and the G Minor Symphony could have been heard by those who were still awake enough to listen. The concert was, however, omitted from the "Best Day by Day" list. Throughout the rest of the week, when Mozart's music was pouring in an almost continuous stream from the radio stations of Occupied Europe, the B.B.C. permitted us to hear Mozart in scraps for precisely 67 minutes all told. Instead of Mozart, listeners were regaled for 45 minutes during the peak listening period on Wednesday (from 9.25 to 10.10) with an item entitled "Meet Pipples," which recounted the saga of an old but beloved car nearing its end, and about to be abandoned by its attached and wistful owner. A friend suggested to him that before the car, which had by now taken on an unmistakably female aspect, was turned and quitted, he should take steps to breed from it, on the precedent of the horse. Somewhat incredulous, but upborne by faith born of love, he takes the old car to a friend's garage where a large male car is installed, and leaves it for the night. A moving passage describes how the old car whinnies as it approaches the garage, while the male car deeply "honks." After the lapse of an unstated time, the owner, going one morning to his garage, finds a new little baby car, nestling against the old car's side. This was Pipples. The childhood of Pipples was then described. She was skittish and scratched her paint, but now she is grown up and grand. All this, I swear it, was solemnly put out to an adult English audience at the peak listening hour.

* * *

A correspondent sends me a scrap of the *Manchester Evening News* for December 15th, 1899. He found it backing an old mirror. It contained the following classic example of This Englishry. Someone had noticed that Lord Salisbury had declared that "we had not gone to Africa to extend our territories, to obtain goldfields, or to dictate humiliating terms of peace," and hoped that Lord Salisbury was here speaking the mind of his Government and his party. Lord Salisbury denied using these words. He said: "We seek no goldfields; we seek no territory. What we desire is equal rights for all men of all races and security for our fellow-subjects and for the Empire." The *Manchester Evening News* commented:

> An inference that may be drawn from the Premier's explanation is that though we seek neither goldfields nor territory, the new conditions that will obtain after the close of the war may make it desirable that we should secure both.

An inference well justified by results when it came to peace-making a couple of years later. I seem to recall a promise of the sort being made in the last war, too; oddly enough, conditions again made it "desirable that we should secure" that which we did not seek. The same renunciation of territorial gain appears in the Atlantic Charter.

* * *

I heard the most enthusiastic praise of the Friends' Ambulance Unit the other day from some of those who saw it at work in the East End during the blitz last winter. A group of thoroughly trained and devoted volunteers who are prepared to go anywhere and do anything to relieve suffering at a time of emergency have a unique value. They are not tied up with red tape; they are not worried about the prestige or an organisation or working to a scheduled number of hours or hampered by War Office control. A report, recently issued, about their activities during the second year of the war shows that the F.A.U. is now working in many parts of the world. At home it has had groups in various hospitals, has done great service in evacuation and with shelters for the homeless, and with mobile feeding in blitzed areas. Abroad, the unit that went to Finland was cut off by Hitler and turned up eventually in Egypt via Moscow, Turkey and Syria; other parties have served in Greece and Ethiopia, while a group has recently reached free China over the Burma Road. I see that the F.A.U. is in need of funds, and if anyone wishes to contribute they should write to Paul Cadbury, 4, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

* * *

The China Campaign Committee's School on the Far East last week-end offered an opportunity of picking up unusual knowledge about places which have suddenly leapt into the news. Most of us are a bit vague about the Dutch East Indies, Thailand, Burma and such other foreign parts. I liked particularly an account of the politeness of the Siamese. One speaker said that they never like to give notice to an employer: that would seem unappreciative of his kindness. Therefore the employee who intends to leave will behave like the traditional office boy who has to bury his grandmother. A short leave, from which the employee never returns, is obtained. On one occasion the wife of a certain employer scolded his gardener. The next day three elderly servants filed in to request an interview. They explained that a postcard had arrived describing the desperate illness of the gardener's grandmother far away in Singapore. They shed tears on his behalf; the poor fellow would have to hurry to arrive to see his grandmother again. The employer, experienced in old Thailand customs, reassured the retainers; they could dry their tears; he had just received a telegram saying that the grandmother was now rapidly recovering. The three retainers looked at one another in bewilderment; finally they smiled broadly in unison and filed out again to inform the gardener that he would after all have to continue in service.

* * *

Since grown-ups enjoy games no less than children our village thoroughly enjoyed the invasion last week-end. The Home Guard was out at the end of the lane demanding the identity cards of their wives and children and neighbours; by dark they were back in the

pub in rare good temper. They told me they had been wiped out by artillery fire first; then they'd been killed by bombs and finally, so that there should be no doubt about the matter, they had all been captured. The next morning was not quite so good; some had got wet and some cold. Still, it was all very interesting, and spotting aircraft and watching the columns go through and deciding who was enemy and who friend and who was umpire was all instructive and good training. And then suddenly standing by the door of the pub someone looked down at a small boy who was playing in the road and said as an armoured car passed close by: "I guess it would be a bit different if that was really an enemy car." The laughter died away and we talked of other things.

* * *

This week's prize comment: "The Russian push from Rostov must be intended to relieve the German pressure on the British forces in Libya." CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to T.S.B., Oxford.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

YOUNG DELINQUENTS

A CHIEF CONSTABLE'S VIEW

. . . I foresee that we policemen will be much more intimately concerned with the problem when the days of peace and unemployment return.—Letter in the *Times*.

Saluting is the acid test of a good soldier, sailor, or airman. You can always rely upon the man who does his saluting smartly.—Letter in the *Manchester Guardian*.

Dear Comrade,—I like the Duke of Bedford's articles. He is so beautifully sane. Thinking of him in terms of music, he is a Tone Poem, the loveliest of all music: "Andante con-expressione." How much is due to lucky birth and an easy life, I wonder.—Letter in the *Word*.

As paper is so urgently needed, would it not be wise to make use of the thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of copies of books stored in the British Museum? What better use could be made of them than making them serve the country?—Maud Wright, Netherhampton, near Salisbury, Wiltshire.

In Utopia, if Utopia ever went to war, the whole population would be conscripted, uniformed, rationed and billeted on Army pay. But we do not live in Utopia.—*Sunday Express* leader.

THE CATS OF CAMDEN TOWN

The cats of Camden Town are miaowing,
Walking up and down,
Wondering why they have not been fed,
And whether there is any bread
In the bin, miaow, mioo,
What are we going to do?
To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow is
all the same
Old game,
And we feed on what's left over
While our masters take cover,
Miaow, mioo,
Who is our God, and what is he going to do?

The cats of Camden Town have given up the
ghost
Along with a host of other cats
And rats, and most
Of the buildings have fallen flat.
Good thing too.
Miaow, mioo. POLLY HILL

MUSIC AT DINNER

IN last year's blitz the questions that confronted one in the worst hit parts of the East End were how anyone was still to live there; where anyone was to eat when there was no gas or electricity and sometimes no water; where homeless people were to go; what shelter there was against the nightly raids; how the spirit of the people could stand up against the desolation, the privation and the separation of families. The authorities, we were told, had been taken by surprise; they had been ready to look after the dead, but had forgotten the living. Revisiting some of these areas this week I saw that all this has been transformed; most of the houses are indeed as uninhabitable as we thought then; no rebuilding has been attempted, and there are very few people about. But the gaping holes are boarded up; the most necessary demolition has been done, and such buildings as do survive are being properly used. The impression is that fate and the authorities have agreed to do what some of us wanted most—to regard these areas as places in the front line where only essential workers live, and where they will be properly cared for, like soldiers at the base. And in one respect a period without bombing has enabled the L.C.C. and the Ministries of Food and Health to go further than we had dared to hope. They have begun in a tentative way to provide something more than the mere necessities of living.

One of the few buildings that stands undamaged in the Isle of Dogs is a church hall. It is a community feeding centre, one of some 220 in the London area. About 300 workers have lunch there every day; they are mostly dockers with only half an hour off at midday. Many of them have nowhere else to eat, and here they can get an excellent plate of meat and two vegetables, with a milk pudding and a cup of coffee at the surely very reasonable price of 10*d*. Very good value. But the surprise was that anyone should also provide them with music while they eat. More surprising still—the music was a classical programme of Dvorak and Chopin played by two accomplished students of the Royal Academy of Music.

From there we went on to another community feeding centre at Peckham. Here the dinner is served in a large school hall; round the walls are the admirable reproductions of old masters, Vermeer and others, which the L.C.C. has long provided for schools that wanted them. Children had come in from play of their own free will to listen to the music; many of the workers who had finished their meal waited for another half-hour on benches round the wall. Naturally the music was much better appreciated than it was in the Isle of Dogs, for the audience had come to listen. They knew it was a concert and they listened in silence, intent and loudly approving.

I cannot too much praise the determination of the officials of the L.C.C. and the Ministry of Food and the local organisers of these centres, because they have realised that a feeding centre may be more than a room in which you shovel so much food into your mouth. They have tried various experiments; at Peckham they had a riotous success with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. They are determined that the music shall be of value, that those who listen shall have the chance to hear something more satisfying than the usual jazz and crooning. But they cannot get professionals as a rule, for they have no money to pay fees, and as for experienced amateurs very few of them are now available, especially at midday. So they ask students, who come gladly for the experience and to help. All this I believe to be absolutely right, and as I watched the faces of the children at Peckham and some of the dockers intently listening with their morning paper put aside, I had a momentary vision of a future in which a feeding centre may become a permanent and important part of our social life. Why should we not have British restaurants or their equivalent in every district (including the provinces, which now lag behind London in this respect) and why should not social needs, musical, recreational and educational, develop round the occasion of the midday meal?

I want to add one comment by way, not of criticism, but of suggestion. Those who had the imagination to think of adding music to the meal-time were right in refusing to play down to the workers. But here I think two distinctions should be made. The first is between music that is played to people while they eat and that which is played while they listen as to a concert. It is not good for musical appreciation, and it is certainly hard on the performers, to mix classical music with the inevitable clatter of knives and forks. Secondly, without in the least departing from the determination to have music that is worth listening to, it is possible to distinguish between music to which the uneducated can quickly respond and music which means little except to those who have been trained to listen. The docker will not learn to appreciate Chopin by having it played to him at dinner. I watched him look up with pleasure when it was announced that there would be music, and I saw his respect, when he saw that it was a highbrow concert. But he could not really join in this music; it did not belong to him; it was something given to him from outside. It would have been worth while to introduce the music with some account of its social setting. In all these matters the Robert Mayer concerts for children have shown the way; it is possible to provide concerts of good music which children can appreciate. It would be worth while for the organisers of these lunch-time concerts to look through the choice of music of the Robert Mayer concerts. It might be wise to begin with music whose rhythm is comparatively easy. No object that these imaginative officials cherish would be lost if those who listen could take up the rhythm they heard; it would have been good to hear them whistling the airs as they left the building. KINGSLEY MARTIN

LIGHT FROM THE SOUTH

THE Imperial Institute in South Kensington is architecturally a nightmare—and an object-lesson. It shows to what depths English designers can sink when they reject the teaching of Italy. At the moment this Brobdingnagian solecism is housing an explanation of its own ugliness, for the Warburg Institute, which is housed there, has arranged an engrossing exhibition of photographs on the theme "English Art and the Mediterranean." The catalogue, written by the organisers, Drs. Saxl and Wittkower, amounts almost to a treatise, which will interest not only experts, but everybody who cares for visual art. The subject of Mediterranean influences in England is so vast that, as the organisers say, a whole museum would be needed to provide an adequate picture of it. But this exhibition furnishes an excellent general map. It begins with prehistoric graves, idols, and cups that are related to Aegean and Iberian artifacts, and ends with works by Mr. Anrep and Mr. Frank Dobson.

The conquests of this island successively by the Romans and the Normans must be regarded with profound thankfulness. Neither the Keltic nor the Teutonic culture, where it has remained comparatively unfertilised by Southern contacts, has shown itself very fruitful in the visual arts, except in Holland. Our finest painters, it is true, have usually learnt more from the Dutch than from the Italians. But in architecture there has, I think, been only one good entirely indigenous style—the Perpendicular. The exhibition at the Warburg In-

stitute suffers from one inexcusable lacuna: there is no reference to our Norman architecture. We owe this, of course, in the first place to the Normans, but it is only a local variant of that majestic Romanesque style which sprang from Roman and Byzantine sources. During the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries French and Flemish influences were paramount, but, as this exhibition proves, Italy also contributed.

When, in the sixteenth century, the Renascence style belatedly reached this island, the first effects were calamitous. Columns, swags, and centaurs were adopted, as European clothes are taken up by savages, and used with no sense of their function in the grammar of design to produce a sort of pidgin Italian. (The French were no more understanding, and Francis's *châteaux* were indeed more monstrous than Henry's palaces.) With Inigo Jones understanding suddenly became complete: his translations are those of a great artist who adapted the architecture of Italy to our rarer, gentler sun and to our less gesticulatory temperament. Wren, working on similar lines, was more prolific and more original. With Burlington our Italianising became more pedantic, and a rigid Palladianism unluckily prevented our developing an architectural rococo. Adam was antiquarian in his use of late Roman surface ornaments. The interesting attempt at a neo-Greek style was unluckily overtaken and smothered by the Gothic revival. The English averted their eyes from the Mediterranean, and Pugin defeated Barry just as Carlyle tried to defeat Macaulay.

In our own time painters have gone to Paris instead of to Rome: inevitably, since the best painters of the twentieth and nineteenth centuries have been French. Something, I fancy, has been lost by this. The architecture of the Italian cities, so much nobler than that of Paris, envelops the visitor in a sense of human majesty the lack of which is a chief cause of artistic decay. The buildings of Rome, Florence, Venice, Vicenza, Arezzo, Perugia, provide, as it were, a *weltanschauung* made visible. Perhaps, when we have gained peace, painters will again find in Italy their university.

The value of the work performed by the Warburg Institute is immense, and so is our gratitude to its directors and sponsors. It would be interesting if this exhibition could be given a successor, showing similarly the influence of France upon the visual art of this island.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

CLASS DISTINCTIONS

AFTER a long period of self-denial I travelled first class on the railway the other day. I used to like travelling first class. As I had no expensive tastes except for what may be called the minor luxuries, I felt that I could afford it, and I preferred buying comfort on a train to buying pleasure at the ballet. The company in the first-class carriages, it is true, was not so good as the company in the third; at least, it was usually less talkative. But it was pleasant to sit back in a roomy throne even if one's fellow-passengers were all living up to the ideal of the strong, silent, and all-but-moribund Englishman. Besides, there is a sense of freedom in not being excluded from any part of the train, and freedom is something worth paying for. And to sit in an armchair in a first-class Pullman—this is even better than sitting in the dull and luxurious lounge of the dullest and most luxurious hotel. It is my notion of one of the things that will make life in Utopia worth living.

In recent years, however, moved by something that I had written without thinking about the pleasures of self-denial, I decided to give up something, and the easiest thing to give up seemed to me to be first-class travel. When economy became not only necessary, but a duty, at the outbreak of the war I also gave up soda-water. Since then I have given up a number of other things, including oranges, lemons, and bananas, so that, as I sit at the open window in the corner of my third-class railway compartment, I can flatter myself that I am the model of an abstemious man.

For a time the change from first class to third is a little depressing. The seats seem hard and narrow, and one's legs get in the way of other people's. The coverings of the seats look as if they needed to be sent to the cleaners, and the floors as if they had not been swept since the Boer War. Not always, but sometimes—often enough to make one wish that one had taken a first-class ticket. The worst of the miseries of the third-class passenger for a time, however, was to be unable to find a window-seat in his own part of the train and yet to see a sequence of first-class carriages, all almost empty. I do not know which is worse—to be a first-class passenger into whose compartment pours a mob of third-class ticket holders or to be a third-class passenger who has to squeeze himself in between two heavily coated fellow human beings on a train in which the first-class carriages mock him with their vacancy. The first, perhaps, is the most embittering, but the second is the more uncomfortable.

How strong is the feeling of the first-class passenger against the intrusion of the third class into his sanctuary is clear from a letter written by Sir Stephen Gaselee some years ago and shown to me only the other day. Sir Stephen wrote:

> If the guard shows signs of putting third-class passengers into your compartment when you are travelling with a first-class ticket, tell him that you intend to claim from the railway company the difference between the first- and third-class fares, and he will probably place them elsewhere. If he persists, note the number of your ticket and write to the company as indicated above; they will probably refund; if not, take them into Court.

Third-class passengers seldom realise the miseries which first-class passengers often suffer. First-class passengers, I think, are more imaginative and sympathetic. They know what the third-class passengers suffer, and agree that there ought to be more third-class carriages.

Now, however, all these class distinctions which give rise to so many misunderstandings have been abolished on the suburban lines, and we jostle each other indiscriminately as in a revolution.

As soon as the privileges of the first class were done away with, the figure 1 on the doors of the compartments was painted out, and a new era was opened for democracy. For a time there was such a rush to travel first class on a third-class ticket that I thought of writing a letter to the *Times* on the disgraceful overcrowding of first-class carriages. After a time I began to look out for a third-class carriage in order to avoid the crush. Here was the abundance of room for which I used gladly to pay extra. It was at this time that the important truth dawned on me that it is better to travel in an empty third-class carriage than in a first filled to capacity. More and more people, I am afraid, are discovering this truth, and soon, as a result of everybody's discovering it, the third-class carriages will be overcrowded again.

If I regret the passing of the exclusiveness of the first-class carriage, it is only for one reason, and that an unselfish one. It seems to me that the spectacle of first-class carriages has in the past given a considerable amount of pleasure to third-class passengers. Not on crowded suburban trains during the rush hour, perhaps, but on ordinary leisurely occasions. There is an agreeable sort of envy which imagines that the rich—as we call people who indulge in slightly expensive tastes—are much happier than they really are, and daydreams about what it would be like to share that happiness. The gallery boy in a provincial theatre—if there is such a thing left—is conscious of no bitterness as he looks down at the elect people making their way to their tip-up seats in the stalls as the curtain is about to rise. If he envies them it is with an admiring envy; their presence brightens the theatre for him, like the chorus in a musical comedy. Similarly, at Ascot the people outside the Royal Enclosure feel no hatred of the privileged people within. They go to see them in the spirit in which children go to see fireworks. They are dazzled and glad to be alive in such a wonderland of frocks and top-hats. If the poor and the less rich did not enjoy looking at the rich, there would be riots on every fashionable racecourse and in every fashionable theatre. To see privileged people, however, happens to be one of the minor pleasures of life. To stand and stare outside the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes in regatta week is for many human beings to be imaginatively inside the gates.

If it had not been for this happy imaginative element in envy, the aristocracy would have been swept away long ago. A vast number of human beings, however, liked to think of dukes and earls as dwellers in a fairyland—exactly such a world as they would give almost anything to inhabit themselves. Consider the popularity of peers—especially dukes—in cheap Victorian fiction. The young duke was the housemaid's dream—her fairy prince—and as she read she ceased to be Cinderella in the kitchen and became Cinderella at the ball.

Philosophers tell us that the aristocrats and the rich are no happier than the rest of us; but it gives many people pleasure to think that they are. Hence the wide appeal of a vision of a world in which everything is first class, from railway travel to dinners in restaurants. Probably, with the spread of a belief in equality, this vision has lost something of its appeal. In time of war, especially, envy of the pleasures of the rich ceases to be agreeable and becomes tinged with sourness. Oddly enough, it continues to be based on the belief that the rich are extraordinarily happy, especially at meal-times. I have seen letters in the papers suggesting that the rich are now living at a perpetual series of banquets, dining on foods that both in quality and in quantity would have rejoiced the stomach of a Roman Emperor. Alas, I was invited the other day to lunch at a restaurant that was once famous for its noble fare and the chief dish on the menu was rabbit. This convinced me that the rich have their trials as well as the rest of us.

Let us, then, as we watch the passing of the world in which the rich flourished, realise that they are human beings like ourselves and that probably they do not enjoy being rich nearly as much as we enjoy the thought of being rich. To live expensively, I fancy, soon becomes a habit and more and more ceases to be an active pleasure.

Apart from this we should be grateful to the rich for the standards they set us—standards of comfort in house-room, the theatre, the restaurant, and travel. The railway companies have recognised the good example of the rich in retaining the first-class carriages and making them free to everybody. A meaner view of life would have induced them to abolish first-class carriages altogether as the rational method of providing us with a one-class train. In the course of time, I expect, the railway companies will go a step further and abolish third-class carriages, after which we shall all travel first class, gaining the pleasures of comfort and losing the pleasures of envy. Ultimately, perhaps, they will abolish non-smoking carriages and ladies onlies, and so make an end of all class distinctions. But Rome, as the saying goes, was not built in a day.

Y. Y.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Man Who Came to Dinner," at the Savoy

A dazzling farce in the *New Yorker* vein, and a delighted audience. The theme is simple—a star columnist and radio talker is marooned for a month in an unsophisticated provincial household, and proves to be a guest compared with whom two elephants and a dozen cobras would be convenient. It is the character much more than the situation that makes the play. Sheridan Whiteside combines the vices of a criminal child with the energy of a dictator. He has the exorbitance of a Ben Jonson character, the "humour" of egotism extended to infinity. The conception is exuberant, the treatment enormously dexterous. Inevitably so densely American a play suffers in an English production: the pace is far too slow and most of the actors, perhaps wisely, do not even try to appear American. Mr. Robert Morley, whose part is an actor's dream, puts up a good show, because he is a very fine artist, but the role does not suit his particular powers. Indeed, Mr. Jerry Verno alone gets into the skin of his part, and his *tour de force* exposes the deficiencies of his colleagues. About the performance of the two leading ladies it is kinder to say nothing. But the play carries the actors, and has all the air of a smash hit. As the dazzle wears off, however, uncomfortable questions jump up. Are not the authors oddly complacent about the monster they have created? Ruthless selfishness is very comic, but is it not also very disgusting? Is cruelty in fact so killingly funny? (Possibly the producer and Mr. Morley have mistaken the author's intention and made Whiteside too effectively impervious?) This is taking a farce too seriously, it will be said. But the historian of the future may well take this bubble of a play as a sign of the malign gases that are poisoning humanity. It represents, he may declare, a society that has lost every standard alike of manners and of morals. Jonson portrayed Volpone with horror and indignation, Messrs. Kaufman and Hart treat their monster with avuncular affection.

THE MOVIES

"Shors," at the Tatler
"Suspicion," at the Odeon
"Honky Tonk," at the Empire
"Sailors With Wings," March of Time No. 7

Shors is a scattered film of the Ukraine in 1918-19, and we must take it as it is—celluloid jottings, fragments of news and history, like a diary kept in time of upheaval. Like a diary, it has gaps, and deviations when one wonders why the author's interest has turned this way and not that, why he leads up to an important scene, then passes it over without a word. Several times during the performance of *Shors* at the Tatler, I wondered whether passages hadn't been cut from the original, with a sub-title flashed up to cover the break. Perhaps, though, the film is shown as Dovshenko made it. The jagged presentation does often give to chaotic events a final touch of reality which smoother treatment might have missed. A village falls into the hands of the White Army: the map of events may not be clear, but we see the cavalry breaking over the sky line, women with carts and oxen fleeing through the fields, riderless horses plunging in the corn as the shells burst round. Many scenes stand out vividly in memory: a village wedding, a field of sunflowers from which soldiers suddenly spring up, a victory parade in the streets of Kiev broken up by guerrillas, black dots of men running over a snowy countryside. The lyrical fervour which produced the landscapes of Dovshenko's *Earth* is present here in occasional flashes of beauty seen through the smoke and clatter of war. But the theme is violence, and delivery from violence. Shors, the indomitable young Bolshevik leader of the Ukraine, holds the loosely linked episodes together; he and the other Bolshevik leaders are played with realism and affection. An old general dying as he is borne away on the shoulders of his men brings the film to a close; and this like all the other moments that have flickered by is an authentic moment, simply and magnificently stated.

Two-thirds of Hitchcock's *Suspicion* is very good, and that is enough to make a thriller. During that time Hitchcock uses all his smoothness and his sharp eye for detail to build up a situation in which a loving wife (Joan Fontaine) is in danger of being poisoned by an equally loving but less trustworthy husband (Cary Grant). A best friend (Nigel Bruce, as a chubby ass) has already, mysteriously, fallen by the way. The fact that Hitchcock throws in a happy end during the last five minutes, like a conjuror explaining his trick, seems to me a pity; but it spoils the film only in retrospect, and we have already had our thrills. A steep cliff, a letter from an insurance company, a glass of milk at the bedside—on such details and on the equivocal looks that foreshadow murder, Hitchcock fixes a fascinated gaze. So long as the magic lasts (there's a slow beginning, by the way) the film is the equivalent of the book you can't put down.

Honky Tonk has apparently stirred American audiences almost to the tune of *Gone With the Wind*. It's a little difficult to discover why. I have seen many better romances about the old saloon days, when guns were guns, and the dirtiest gun of the lot was the sheriff's. The new element in *Honky Tonk* seems to be Mr. Clark Gable. "My candy man," Lane Turner calls him, between shootings, and certainly there must be something about the grubby smile and the wide, wide ears. Miss Turner encourages him to smash down the door of her bedroom. They're properly married, of course. And the candy-man is a teetotaler. That's new, too. But what would Wallace Beery say?

The latest March of Time is *Sailors With Wings*, an exciting film of U.S. naval aviation which brings home to us the chance missed with our own *Ships With Wings*. The few sequences of aircraft carriers are excellent: the crowded runways and the planes waved on by flags before taking off give a real glimpse of these ships' activities. Not only the aircraft carrier, by the way, is claimed as an American invention, but also the torpedo bomber and the tactic of dive bombing. *Sailors With Wings* provides an impressive survey of expansion from the first catapulted sea-borne planes in 1910 to the latest patrol bombers and four-engined Coronados. Its appearance could hardly have been more nicely timed.

I am sorry, by the way, that the Ministry of Information should have sponsored a short Russian film, *Three in a Shell Hole*, now being widely shown, which takes the Vansittart line of propaganda that we ourselves have so far been successful in avoiding.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

ONE-SIDED COMPULSION

SIR,—The Labour amendment to the Man Power Bill has raised widespread discussion on many issues, some of which, as you say in your article "One-Sided Compulsion," may cause "a very far-reaching breach in the still firm structure of national unity." Any such breach would be disastrous, it is therefore important to see that there is no confused or misinformed thinking on the questions involved.

Stated shortly, the attack on the Government is: if you conscript man-power you should also conscript property, and therefore the railways, mines and the most important industries "should be brought under public *ownership*," to use the words of the Amendment.

The first point to be noted is that though a demand for equal treatment of both man-power and property is apparently made, in fact something quite different is actually being proposed. The control of man power we all assume and hope will be only for the duration, the ownership, however, would be in perpetuity—a very different matter.

Replying to the debate, Mr. Bevin made it perfectly clear that if any suggestion was put forward to make any "further requisition of private property . . . in order to secure the more successful prosecution of the war, the Government would examine any specific claim and deal with it on its merits, judged by that one principle." In view of this undertaking, does it not cast doubts on the inherent merits of national ownership to insist, as part of a bargain, on its wide and immediate extension?

The case for the Amendment has also been supported in some quarters by the assertion that one section of the community has made more sacrifices than another. Comparisons are odious, but some reply should be made. For instance, the Ministry of Labour's investigation into earnings published last week shows that there has been a rise between October, 1939, and July, 1941, of 42 per cent. compared with one of 29 per cent. in the official cost of living. After two years of war these are not abnormal figures. During the same period (while most salaries and professional remuneration continue virtually unchanged) Income Tax has been raised to 10s. That in war is not abnormal either.

War has caused a wide conscription of man-power; property has also come under complete control. Wherever it is necessary to serve the requirements of war, factories and land have been requisitioned, businesses have been "concentrated," whole industries have been shut down, "Goodwill" built up by years of effort has disappeared, export markets have been abandoned, scant consideration has been shown to the post-war prospects of businesses which have not, like the Trade Unions, even the promise of a Restoration of Practices Act.

Again, none of these products of total war can be regarded as an outrage, but is the suggestion that as between Labour and Property the last has been favoured, true?

That the Government should be subject to informed criticism is most important. Support of Government measures should also be dependent on its effective prosecution of the war and the full utilisation of the powers the Executive already possess. But to encourage an attack on those members of the Labour Party who have to shoulder responsibility by accusing them of connivance in legislation which throws an unfair sacrifice on one section of the community, is another matter. It is to threaten, as you phrase it, "a very far-reaching breach in the still firm structure of national unity," and to do it without just cause.

Northfield. L. J. CADBURY

PAKISTAN

SIR,—Your reviewer may be right in saying that Sir Muhhamad Iqbal started the "Pakistan" scheme. This is often asserted and may be so. But he soon lost all love for his child. Writing to me, he said in his downright manner that Pakistan would be "disastrous to the British Government, disastrous to the people of India, disastrous to the Hindus, disastrous to my own community. But I am the President of the Muslim League, and therefore it is my duty to support it." I do not think that the fact that Hindus and Muslims do not intermarry of itself makes their communities two nations. Does one notice much intermarriage between Catholics and Protestants? But I partly agree with your reviewer that "it is rather surprising that Dr. Ambedkar should come down so heavily in favour of the partition of India," for the most trenchant criticism of the suggestion was his (May 17th, 1929), funnily enough, in reply to Maulana Abul Kamal Azad, now President of the National Congress—the two have changed places in this controversy. Ambedkar's criticism, which is very spirited reading, will be found in Vol. III, *Reports of the Indian Statutory Commission*, 1930, pp. 91-92. The name Pakistan was not then in use, but the idea was. Since then, however, Ambedkar has moved far from any sort of alignment with Hindu communities, and it should be remembered that he has negotiated with Muslim leaders concerning the future of the Untouchables. Also, there are not many of his community in the area which would be Pakistan. I am not criticising Ambedkar, whose position I understand. But clearly he must have done a deal of hard thinking to have come round to enthusiasm for a scheme which in milder form, when first mooted, struck him as "so shocking that if the Mohammedans cannot feel secure without it, I for one would prefer that Swaraj be deferred till mutual trust has assured them that they can do without it."

EDWARD THOMPSON

BLOCKADE

SIR,—In his letter of last week Mr. Rayner's reproof to me and renewed congratulations to M.E.W. were based on two contentions:

(1) That the German cut in the civilian clothing ration would be seriously detrimental to public morale and (2) that it could be attributed wholly to the effects of our blockade in depriving Germany of textile raw materials.

The first point has not been proved. So long as civilians are sufficiently protected against the elements, a justly distributed reduction in the standard of elegance may easily be accepted as a symptom of national solidarity and strength of purpose and actually serve to enhance morale.

The second point is even less convincing. In view of the highly developed staple fibre industry in Germany it is absurd to attribute the clothing cut to an *absolute* shortage of textile raw materials. The effect of the blockade is to lower the ceiling of the Nazi war effort by forcing them to use more man-power to produce given results. But the wide range of substitutes available enables them to choose

fairly freely where the reductions shall take place. The fact that it is the clothing ration rather than food or munitions which is being cut shows that the Nazis have succeeded in shifting the man-power shortages on to a relatively less urgent sector of their economy.

Moreover the reason why the man-power shortage has become more acute recently is clearly to be found in the enormous drain on man-power for the Russian campaign rather than in any tightening of our blockade. The Russian resistance in fact constitutes the essential second blade to the pair of scissors without which British sea-power would be powerless to inflict any serious incision in Nazi strength.

Apart from the doubtful benefits to morale of premature predictions of a German collapse the indiscriminate deprecation of German methods of economic mobilisation has had a seriously deterrent effect on our own war production. There is no doubt that the doggedly reiterated thesis that rationing in Germany was a sign of weakness and demoralisation seriously postponed the necessary introduction of rationing in this country. This led to dissipation of stocks and productive effort and prolonged injustices in the distribution of essential supplies.

If Mr. Rayner wishes balance between gaiety and grimness, I can only advise him to begin at home. Not only has the M.E.W. missed the opportunity of instructing our own Production Departments in the more efficient techniques developed by the Germans, but they have never in my recollection called attention to the formidable nature of the Nazi war machine. Indeed, when in Parliament and elsewhere attempts were made, in the most helpful spirit, to point out the need for increased war effort in Britain, the Government spokesmen, from Mr. Cross, Captain Cruikshank and Lord Simon to Colonel Llewellyn, brushed aside the warning.

Mr. Rayner challenges me to give him specific instances of predictions. I think it would have been far better had he approached me privately. As he preferred to do so publicly, may I remind him of the pamphlet, "The Assurance of Victory"; may I remind him of Mr. Cross's speech in Parliament in January, 1940, in which he said that the Nazi position was worse than in 1917; may I remind him of the repeated predictions about the shortage of oil; of the stories given out in the summer of 1940 that Europe was facing famine, an assertion which assisted the Hoover campaign in the U.S., a campaign which was almost successful in breaking the blockade; and finally the statement that the Nazi war effort would *suffer* as a result of the occupation of Europe. And has he succeeded in forgetting that it was the M.E.W. reports which contributed mainly to giving the British public a distorted view of Russian policy?

If this controversy will bring about a closer co-operation between the economic and publicity experts of the M.E.W. on the one hand and the economic experts of the M.E.W. and our own executive departments on the other, if it will help in enabling us to learn from the Nazi successes as well as from their mistakes, it will not have been in vain. T. BALOGH

ORGANISING TRANSPORT

SIR,—A recent editorial note in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION states that no case can be seen for not taking over all the main branches of the Road Transport service and running them directly under public control. I cannot help but feel that this is attacking a very difficult problem from the wrong end. When an attack is made upon the existing state of affairs, in whatever sphere it may be made, the onus of proof is surely on the "would-be reformer" rather than upon the "should-be reformed."

The fashion of referring to the Road Transport Industry as though it were completely unorganised is now out of date. For a number of years past several flourishing associations have been in existence for the purpose of organising operators on a national basis. These associations in their turn have been working together through a body known as the Standing Joint Committee, and it was the existence of this body which enabled the Minister of War Transport to gather together the members of the Committee which has been advising him on the operation of the Government Road Haulage Scheme. In addition, statutory bodies have been set up to represent the whole industry, such as the Road Haulage Central Wages Board and its Area Committees, upon which the employers and the workers are given equal representation. One should not forget also the Road and Rail Central Conference and its Regional Committees, the purpose of which is to secure the fullest possible co-ordination between road and rail.

To change over the road transport industry from private to public control would be an immense task. It could not be done without the co-operation of the people already engaged in that industry, and naturally that co-operation would only be forthcoming if operators were persuaded that the change would be to the national interest. There is, however, no reason to suppose that this would be so. Why should Government officials be able to run the industry any better than, or in fact anything like so efficiently as, experienced operators? To a very great extent the existing personnel would have to be maintained to do the work. To the dangers of dislocation would be added the risk of alienating a large proportion of the hauliers. Many thousands of operators at present in the business began in a very modest way after the last war by purchasing a vehicle with their gratuity. They take a pride in their businesses, which have been built up solely as a result of their own endeavours. They would naturally feel frustrated if these businesses were taken over lock, stock and barrel by the Government, unless, of course, it could be shown that such a move would be in the national interest.

Carrying other people's goods is one of those jobs that are never finished. Many a road operator, like many a doctor, goes to bed with a telephone at his side and must be prepared to be awakened at all hours of the night by a message from one of his drivers to the effect that a vehicle has broken down in a lonely part of the country. Moreover, delays and crises are not occasional happenings, but are a matter of daily routine. The fact that it is his own business gives the operator just the necessary added incentive to shoulder the extra burden of worry and responsibility. With the best will in the world this incentive would be lacking if the operator were merely a manager of a branch of a business taken over completely under public control.

Associated Road Operators, FRANCIS R. LYON
120, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

CRUSADING CAMPAIGN

SIR,—In Mrs. Elizabeth Castonier's interesting article entitled "Crusading Campaign," in which she praises the growing opposition of the Roman Catholic Church to the Nazi regime throughout Europe, occurs this amazing statement when writing of Poland: "Also, signs of deference, worship or sacrifice to the Virgin and the Saints have been prohibited."

Deference is naturally paid by Catholics to the Mother of God and the Saints, but surely Miss Castonier must be aware that God, in the Trinity, is alone worshipped by Catholics and that the only Sacrifice offered in the Church is that of the Mass, which is the sacrifice of Christ himself.

Union Club, Brighton. HOLDEN

THE GERMAN OPPOSITION

SIR,—Violent attacks have been made recently on that very small minority of Germans who are standing up to Nazism, unarmed, without any help or encouragement from the outside world. They risk their lives, their freedom for the duration of Nazism, they risk the loss of their homes, property, friends and relatives. This minute minority, single anonymous individuals, groups or congregations or personalities like the much spoken of Bishop of Münster, are fully aware of the consequences of their words and deeds. None the less, they stand up on an ever-increasing scale. This tremendous courage, this genuine heroism against almost hopeless odds and after almost a decade of Nazi terror and Nazi-infection, in a surrounding of busy firing squads, of physical and mental torture, spying and constantly increasing pressure to crush the individual deserve respect and admiration. Lord Vansittart and others, who are safely tucked up in this island fortress where freedom in words and deeds as well as freedom for every creed is an unshakable tradition, can't judge what indomitable faith and courage it needs for people imprisoned in the iron grips of the Nazi trap for humanity, to proclaim the Rights of Man. I know of many a great and brave man who could not stand blackmail, terror and the constant presence of criminals. The percentage of Nazi opponents may be five or three per cent.—maybe even less. But this minority weighs a millionfold against the numerical superiority of atavistic barbarian hordes. The fight of this small group, a few dispersed groups on various ground—but mostly on religious ground—is the immortal fight against the "Devil Incarnate." This minute minority is going through Hell, fully conscious, because it wants to gain Paradise. It is the germ of a new world to come—growing in Germany itself. It is an élite—and an élite is always a minority, as Lord Vansittart will well know.

This small group of Nazi opponents in Germany is fighting for the same ideals as the Allied Forces, for all that is sacred to Mankind: Freedom and Life, Privacy, Health, Art and Science, Religion and Humanity—but they are fighting under more difficult circumstances with no planes or tanks or arms to back them up—and not even with a little spiritual support which the absolutely inadequate German broadcasts from this country might give them—if it knew what is needed over there to risk listening-in. ELISABETH CASTONIER

CHILD CONSCRIPTION

SIR,—The proposal to conscript children between 16 and 18 years of age has caused me deep concern. It is clear that total war requires total conscription of both life and wealth, but I feel that this country is moving very near to Germany by this particular proposal. We have seen recently published articles which attempt to expose the systematic poisoning of children's minds by the Nazis. Surely we shall be guilty of the same crime if this proposal is effected, by sowing the seeds of war in the minds of children who are passing through their most impressionable years.

The Government is clearly concerned with the maintenance of the health of the nation's infants, as evidenced by the free distribution of vitamin preparations to children under two. I suggest we should be equally concerned with the minds of our adolescents.

35, Alwyne Road, DOUGLAS N. W. IRVINE
Canonbury, N.1.

WOMEN'S WORK

SIR,—A far bigger factor than that suggested by "Mere Man" for keeping married women out of war work, is the financial one. My wife was obliged to give up a Government post at £3 per week because we could not afford it. Out of her £3 she had to pay 6s. weekly for bus fares to and from work, 7s. 6d. weekly for meals out, 30s. for help in the house and 30s. Income Tax.

The White House, W. L. CLARKE
South Mimms.

SPIT AND POLISH

SIR,—You may be interested in the experiences of a reader called from the senior Civil Service in order to be trained to fight the powerful and highly organised enemy of democracy.

In official language this is a specialist unit for which "high educational and medical qualifications" are required. Therefore, it is not surprising to find oneself mixed with solicitors, accountants and schoolmasters, but it is surprising to find the members of this particular "brains trust" spending their time polishing brass buttons, burnishing boots, and "blanco-ing" webbing equipment.

It is widely believed that an Army Council Instruction has been issued forbidding the burnishing of boot toes, but this has to be done. The boots are issued in heavily grained leather (grained at the public expense), but every wrinkle must be rubbed out and a "patent" finish acquired; this is done by smearing the toes with grease and setting fire to them. This halves the life of the boot, but there are plenty more in the stores.

No material is issued for button polishing (because it has been officially abolished?), so button-sticks and polishing cloths (at 9d. each!) have to be bought privately.

Equipment must be kept hanging exactly as shown on the duplicated and widely distributed print; in one case this involved hanging the oil-skin capes over the hot pipes, but there were plenty more in the stores.

All equipment must be carried when going on leave—often a round journey of 600–700 miles. To avoid carrying the heavy crock mugs, men have been known to break them up (a new one costs 6d.); they are strong and take a lot of breaking, but it can be done with perseverance.

I will not weary you with more, since I have to go now and do rifle drill. A recruit foolish enough to ask why a specialist had to learn rifle drill was told: "So that he can present arms properly to a visiting officer." JOHNNY

BOOKS IN GENERAL

A Cornishman myself, I find it difficult to understand all the fuss and bother over Trelawny, why people should find his personality so unaccountable, his story of his life almost incredible. Mr. Harold Nicolson called Trelawny, apparently, "a liar and a cad." However, that was written twenty years ago, and Mr. Nicolson, I suspect, would withdraw it now. For it is obvious to anybody that Trelawny was the very reverse of a cad, and to any attentive reader of Trelawny's books and letters, that he was no liar. His warm-hearted, impulsive generosity, his loyalty, his dog-like fidelity to his heroes, De Ruyter, Shelley, Odysseus, are well known and undeniable. But it is no less evident that he was the soul of sincerity. Indeed, it was his excessive attachment to his own inner standards of sincerity, regardless of outer conventions and even the sensible demands of society, that made Trelawny fall over backward into eccentricity in his later life. Byron thought that Trelawny was a poseur, and what irritated him was that he thought it was the pose of his own Manfred or Childe Harold. He could not see that Trelawny's untameability was perfectly natural to him, his romantic self-dramatisation spontaneous and simple. It was a natural mistake for Byron to make—in the end he got over it and came to depend on Trelawny—for it was Byron himself who was the poseur; and we all know that he was a cad, a cad of genius. (One hardly regrets it, for the genius was bound up with the same complex that made him a cad.)

The clue to Trelawny—I find it quite simple to understand—was his excessive temperament, and that led him to dramatise himself. If you are Cornish, still more, no doubt, if you are Welsh or Irish, you are apt to find yourself endowed with rather more temperament than a strictly English environment, with its attachment to convention and its fear of the emotional, has any use for. Personally, I admire the English character much more than I do the Cornish, or the Welsh, or the Irish; but even its admirers (*pace* Santayana) admit that it is rather lacking in *temperament*, that it could do with a little more. For a Celt, then, living in an English environment is, I find, a constant struggle with one's temperament. Trelawny didn't struggle with his; he just gave way to it and followed wherever it led him (it led him into some queer places); for he was, in addition, an aristocrat and a rebel, determined to do what he liked or thought right.

And in his case he had a treble dose of temperament to account for him. There was first, his Cornishry—for what that stood for. Then there was his particular ancestry. It was not for nothing that he was a Trelawny. The Trelawnys go back a great deal farther than the Byrons and the Shelleys, far beyond the Trelawny who fought with Henry V at Agincourt and was knighted after the battle. They are a long and prolific stock which produced many fighting men, fighting Governors of Jamaica, younger sons who roamed the seas with Grenville and Drake, an irrepressible and famous bishop—a fighter, too, in his way, an aide-de-camp to the great Duke of Marlborough in the Netherlands. They were essentially a fighting stock. The old Cornish saying, which begins "A Godolphin never wanted wit," and ends "Nor a Grenville loyalty," has "Nor a Trelawny courage" for its middle term. E. J. Trelawny was one of those rare men who simply did not know what fear was. Then, too, he had an astonishing physical endowment: enormously strong, a powerful swimmer—he had swum Niagara—handsome, violent. On the other side of his family he was a Hawkins, of the Plymouth family which produced generations of seamen, a dynasty of famous privateers. Really Trelawny hadn't much chance to be any other than he was. The finishing touch was put to his education, or rather lack of it, by his unhappy childhood—his father was a mean martinet, his mother indifferent: how she could have been indifferent to so handsome a lad is hard to comprehend—by revolt from his family, or what came to the same thing, being cast off and sent to sea. There followed his desertion, and the amazing career of adventures recounted in the *Adventures of a Younger Son*, all before he had reached the age of twenty-one.

This book is one of the finest stories of adventure in the language. Yet considering what a masterpiece it is, it is nothing like so well known as it should be. I wonder why it has not taken its place on the select shelf of every boy's reading, along with *Robinson Crusoe*, *Treasure Island* and *Kim*? I had never heard of it at school. Somehow it has missed universal recognition up till now; if it had been included in Everyman's Library or The World's Classics it would have been more widely known than it is. But Dumas recognised its quality, and paid it the compliment not merely of translating it, but adopting it as one of his own works! In its French form, as Dumas's *Un Cadet de Famille*, it is probably better known than the original English version. In reading it, one thinks constantly of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*: I wonder if he had read it? At other moments one thinks of Hakluyt. The masterly description of the attack on the Maratti pirates' stronghold on the Madagascar coast, in which Trelawny got his Arab girl-wife, Zela, reminds me of nothing so much as the account in Hakluyt of Drake's lying-in-wait for the mule-train at Nombre de Dios:

> We heard distinctly the surf breaking on the beach with the monotonous regularity of the ticking of a clock at night. . . . The night was tardily withdrawing her dusky canopy and the morning advanced gloomily. The hushed stillness was ominously broken by the whizzing noise of the rocket-signal, flying like a meteor over the devoted Maratti town.

The whole account of the attack is extraordinarily exciting—Trelawny is nothing if not exciting. But every chapter of the long two-volumed book holds one's attention. For he had a natural gift for narration and description. Into his apprehension of landscape, scenes, objects — especially ships — characters, there entered something of his own double vitality. There is a freshness and unspoiledness of vision, as with the sailors in Hakluyt. There is, of course, an element of exaggeration; like other sailors, he told some pretty tall yarns, or rather pitched them a bit tall. Some of his characters are over-accentuated and slightly caricatured, for example, those wonderful figures he portrays, Louis le Grand, the cook, and Van Scolpvelt, the surgeon on board De Ruyter's ship. But they are only exaggerated in the manner of the school of the previous century, Smollett or Fielding; they reach nothing like the incredible proportions of Dickens's characters. Of the essential foundation in fact of Trelawny's narrative throughout there can be no reasonable doubt. It is psychologically convincing, at one with all we know of his character, and where it is possible to test it externally, it passes the test. I agree with the sensible Buxton Forman on this issue. The *Letters* (published by Oxford University Press) are the best guide, and the surest test of Trelawny's veracity; and in Forman's Introduction he makes the good point that Trelawny, though imaginative enough as a man, was not inventive as a writer: he couldn't write about anything but what had actually happened to him. His book, he protested from first to last, was not a romance, but the story of *A Man's Life*: the title which he wished to give it.

Trelawny himself indicated a distinction between this and his second book, the *Recollections of Shelley and Byron*, also in its different way a classic. The *Adventures* he did not publish under his own name: he left them to be taken as something in the manner of a French *vie romancée*. But the *Recollections* he attached his name to as a deliberate contribution to literary history and a tribute to his dead friends. As such, there are few more important in our literature, and none more authentic. All students of Shelley regard his portrait of him as the best close-up we possess: how incomparably poorer our knowledge of Shelley would be without Trelawny's devoted witness! The trouble comes from the lovers of Byron. Trelawny's portrait of Byron was not very favourable: he admired his genius, but did not admire his character. How could it be otherwise? In Shelley he saw the single-mindedness, the unity of belief and action, the integrity of purpose and character, which he admired above all things. In Byron he saw their disjunction; he was shocked by his cynicism, his vacillation and affectation, the vanity and uncertainty which were totally absent in Shelley; what made the combination the more unpleasant was that it spoiled a man of such genius. In his admiration for the genius Trelawny never wavered for a moment; and though he may not have appreciated, or even understood, the complexity of Byron's nature, he was quite clear as to the source of its peculiarity. His view was entirely in keeping with modern psychology on the subject; he put it down to over-compensation for his deformity and the circumstances of his early environment.

> His deformity was always uppermost in his thoughts, and influenced every act of his life, spurred him on to poetry, as that was one of the few paths to fame open to him,—and as if to be revenged on Nature for sending him into the world "scarce half made up," he scoffed at her works and traditions with the pride of Lucifer; this morbid feeling ultimately goaded him on to his last Quixotic crusade in Greece.

At the same time what could be more magnificent than his tribute: "I never doubted, for he was indifferent to life, and prouder than Lucifer, that if he had drawn his sword in Greece, or elsewhere, he would have thrown away the scabbard"? Or more understanding than this, as against Byron's friend and official biographer: "Moore, Byron's biographer, suggests that he embarked in this crusade to rekindle his mental light and failing popularity, whereas the chronology of his works proves that his mental powers waxed stronger as he grew older, and that his last poems were his best." Trelawny is quite right; his literary estimate every one would now agree with against Moore's.

Of the two recent biographies of Trelawny, neither is quite satisfactory. Mr. H. J. Massingham's *The Friend of Shelley* (1930) is a serious work with a good deal of research in it; his view of Trelawny is sympathetic and understanding, but perhaps because he felt himself on the defensive, the book is a bit too argumentative and long-winded, where it should be more narration. Miss Armstrong's recent biography (*Trelawny: A Man's Life*. Robert Hale, 15s.) is a simple, naif affair; with her it is all narration, largely a plain recapitulation of Trelawny's own words. To her he is a hero and everything is taken at its surface value. But even that is better than Mr. Nicolson's bland incomprehension, which perpetuates an unjust misrepresentation of one of the most exciting of the secondary figures in our literary history. None of Trelawny's biographers pays sufficient attention to his Cornish background—perhaps only a Cornishman should attempt his biography: he at any rate would not make the four elementary mistakes, gallant shots in an unnecessary dark, which adorn Miss Armstrong's first two pages. And, of course, lying about in old Cornish houses there should be a few unpublished letters of his. I think I know where they would be.

A. L. ROWSE

ENGLISH ON THE AIR

English for Pleasure. By L. A. G. STRONG. *Methuen.* 5s.

In this book Mr. L. A. G. Strong makes a selection of his broadcasts to schools on the subject of reading, writing and speaking English. And, more important, of liking to do these things. The book is a model of its kind. It is stimulating for the teacher and lively for the taught and is, incidentally, an example to other broadcasters because Mr. Strong has the art of simple and sympathetic exposition, and none of the deadly neutrality of the text-book. To have been taught by him, when he was a schoolmaster, must have been a pleasure; and now that he is a novelist he brings a living experience and confidence to the subject which a good many schoolmasters lack. The teaching of English is so often poisoned or be-glamoured by the literary disappointments of schoolmasters. Writers may not always be good teachers, but they are the last people to treat English as a "subject"; they are the last to regard it as a sort of prim and showy Royal Enclosure to which one can be admitted only when faultlessly dressed. Nor are *they* the originators of the idea that English is a sacred ritual or romance. Words are the writer's tools, sentences are what he makes with them, and they will not be, in consequence, dead and unused things when he talks about them. Thus, for Mr. Strong, English is not a subject but something in which we live our lives: "For us who speak English, English is everything. English is what we say and what we think, English is our relationship to other people, our friendships, our truth and untruth, our characters." If this is so, it follows, as Mr. Strong says, that there is no difference in kind between the writing done in the classroom and that done by the skilled writer.

That seems to me not only sound but important educational doctrine. It is not new. Good schoolmasters have always acted on it; but good masters are rare and, in the main, we have to thank the Subject method of teaching English for the gulf which has so long separated instruction from taste and pleasure in the teaching of English literature. Those with a special leaning towards literature have managed to get across the gap and often sell the pass afterwards by defending the pain and duty method of teaching. But the awful problem of the reluctant, impermeable, recalcitrant masses has remained, and on our society they have even risen to threaten cultural standards. Mr. Strong's tactic is to turn the pleasure principle upon its lower-browed exponents; and since there is nothing so interesting as seeing other people work, the tactic is a promising one. The listener is taken just where he stands, in the middle of living, suspicious no doubt but observant, and Mr. Strong shows him English at work not in school exercises, but in the making of human relations, manners, essays, stories, films, even in the making of a living.

Although he is speaking in the very simplest terms there is neither condescension to the listener nor is anything of importance left out. Every sentence is concrete and an experienced writer soon forgets to smile and himself reads with profit. Mr. Strong calls himself a professional writer, that is to say one whose pride it is to be able to write on any subject, providing it is not utterly beyond him and providing he can write honestly. It is modest of Mr. Strong to discard the word "art," but it is sensible of him to do so; the problem of art belongs to another stage. By telling his listeners in the schools how he wrote a certain story, where the idea came from, how he altered it, where it went wrong and how eventually it came right, he brings the problems of writing very near and gives them to the listener to solve with him. Incidentally he insinuates a notion of the vital difference between art and life, without the listener immediately recognising and resenting it, as it normally is resented. One of Mr. Strong's stories—the story of the old woman who went to pawn a gold necklace and found it was not gold after all—is an especially revealing object lesson. For it brings out clearly why nine-tenths of the stories sent to editors are failures. Their narratives fall in half. They have been merely transcribed, they are fragments to which neither beginning nor end has been added, or which have not been assimilated by the imagination. Henry James put this clearly enough in his introduction to *The Spoils of Poynton*; Mr. Strong demonstrates it practically. When in doubt, add a new difficulty—that is a golden rule for writers. The lack of ideas which many young writers feel is not due to lack of experience, but to a failure to see experience in a new light, to the, no doubt, instinctive avoidance of difficulty.

A critic might complain that Mr. Strong seems to assume that it is the ambition of his listeners to write stories, to know what to do and what not to do in the very different arts of play- and film-making and so on. This criticism is easily disposed of. Mr. Strong's aim is to create a pleasure in literature and the drama, by showing how they are made. In our kind of society, we are all technicians and we respond to this kind of instruction better than to "the sacred mystery" school. Those who are hostile to poetry, for example, must admit the force of his observation: "Some people dislike poetry not because they do not feel it, but because they do"—a remark which illustrates the disarming manner in which Mr. Strong gets under the hardest skin. A more serious criticism might be that he approaches the subject by the roads of common sense and skill, and not by arousing the listener's imagination. To this I can only say that I have listened to an English broadcast in an elementary school in London where the broadcaster went all out on the subject of public and private poetry. The best comment on the fervent, not to say rapt tone of this broadcaster came from the brightest girl afterwards. Asked what the difference between private and public poetry was, she said "Poublic poetry's loud and private you can't hardly hear." Mr. Strong's method, personal, concrete, tolerant and self-effacing, seems to me far happier. Children hate the pretentious. And by his workmanlike method he does quietly inculcate not only the practical reasons, but reasons of value also, for writing and speaking well and for reading good things too. To put it at its lowest, he says, you will probably get a better job—not such a low reason, all the same—and you will certainly be more able in human relations. You will know more about people, they will know more about you. I had often heard of Mr. Strong's success in these talks; his book explains it.

V. S. PRITCHETT

NATIONALISING INDUSTRY

Production for Victory not Profit. By MAURICE EDELMAN. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

This book is an important one and everyone should read its tightly packed 184 pages. But it is not an easy or seductive book to read. The analytical part seems a little discursive. There are so many quotations from newspapers, Parliamentary speeches and conversations that Mr. Edelman gives the impression that he is basing his criticism upon hearsay evidence rather than upon fact and exposure. The difficulty, of course, for any critic of the production system to-day is that the Government withholds the facts and keeps the truth to itself. But you might as well quote a conversation in the coffee room of the Athenæum Club as argue from Parliamentary speeches or newspaper reports. I do not want to be unfair to Mr. Edelman, for he knows his subject thoroughly and appears to have had unique opportunities for getting at the truth. Most of his contentions are profoundly right and need heavily underlining. It is true, for example, that the trade associations are behind the Government controls which cannot, therefore, take an entirely national interest in their job, that the controls have been inadequately co-ordinated (their sectional planning being unrelated to a general economic plan), that great opportunities have been given to the monopoly groups and trade associations to eliminate competition in their own industries, and that a vast movement of the country's assets is taking place (in favour of the Government contractors) which is making worse the already unequal distribution of wealth. It is important

FABER

A Choice of Kipling's Verse
made by T. S. ELIOT
WITH AN ESSAY ON RUDYARD KIPLING by T. S. ELIOT
An outstanding book. 8s. 6d.

From Tobruk to Smolensk
'STRATEGICUS'
The third volume in the "admirable" history of the war by STRATEGICUS. *With numerous sketch-maps.* 12s. 6d.

Bombers C. G. GREY
A companion volume to Mr. Grey's very successful *British Fighter Planes.* *With 43 illustrations.* 6s.

London Pride
PHYLLIS BOTTOME
"It is not often that such a book as *London Pride* is written. . . . Miss Bottome has done outstanding work in the past, but here she does better than ever before."—*Times Lit. Sup.* 6s.

The Life and Opinions of Walter Richard Sickert
ROBERT EMMONS
The biography of a great artist and a most interesting man, and an important document on the history of English art and criticism. *Illustrated.* 25s.

NEW FICTION

DOROTHY WHIPPLE'S
AFTER TEA
and Other Stories
"Good, uncommonly so. How vivid her characters are, and with what sympathetic humour she regards them."—*Observer.* 7s. 6d.

P. C. WREN'S
Stories Stranger Than Fiction
ODD—BUT EVEN SO
"A readable and likeable book."—*Daily Telegraph.* 7s. 6d.

VINEGAR & CREAM
by H. T. W. BOUSFIELD
A collection of stories of crime, love, sentiment, laughter, and the supernatural by a most versatile writer. 8s. 6d.

All prices are NET

John Murray

Going Native
by O. ST. JOHN GOGARTY, author of *Tumbling in the Hay.* 10/-

The Handy Dickens
Edited with an Introduction by ARTHUR MACHEN. Frontispiece and Jacket by Edward Ardizzone. 8/6

Count Omega
by LORD BERNERS, author of *Far From the Madding War,* etc. 7/6

Throng o' Scarlet
a play by VIVIAN CONNELL, author of *The Squire of Shaftesbury Avenue.* 6/-

Hangover Square
by PATRICK HAMILTON, author of *Rope, Gaslight,* etc. 8/6
New Statesman: "As a thriller it can hardly be overpraised . . . tense, exciting, frightening." (2nd Printing)

Constable

MEN and POLITICS
'has already scored a notable success in the United States; it should be no less interesting to people in this country. Readers of this journal will remember Fischer as among the best informed of Russian correspondents. . . I find his autobiography fascinating.' *New Statesman*
[18s net]

LOUIS FISCHER

JONATHAN CAPE

that everyone should be aware of these facts. But when Mr. Edelman contends that the pursuit of PROFIT is actually slowing down production, I think he is over-stating his case. Certainly, the profit system, particularly the cost plus 10 per cent. or so, leads to waste, inefficiency and corruption, but it is a pity that Mr. Edelman lays so much emphasis on the *profit* motive as being the root of all production failures when Excess Profits Tax at 100 per cent. and Income Tax at 10s. make capitalists disinterested in profits for the time being. Surely, it is the *private ownership* of property and plant and the private claims to post-war survival which cause all the trouble. I am not suggesting that Mr. Edelman is not aware of this evil: it is a question of emphasis. He writes:

> Any attack on the private administration of industry for the prosecution of the war must be based primarily on its *essential* inability to utilise the country's industrial resources without gross waste, extravagance, corruption and inefficiency.

And again:

> The business men have created a mystique of business. They claim . . . . that industry has special rights in the community even in time of war. It has to be safeguarded and nurtured. It must not be alienated from the private individuals who own it. Any contribution which it makes to the war effort must not only be paid in full but with interest. There must be insurance both for the present and for the future. Any arrangements which industry makes with the Government for its use in the war are contractual arrangements and involve mutual obligations. Industry, in short, claims special rights and a privileged position in the wartime community.

That is what slows up production and holds back the rationalisation of our war economy.

What does Mr. Edelman propose? Briefly, that war industry should be conscripted, *i.e.*, nationalised and publicly administered at cost, so that private profit can be abolished. This means that no unearned salaries shall be paid, that there shall be equal pay for equal industrial rank, that trade associations which serve sectional interests shall be eliminated, that transport should be one public service and that all available industrial resources of the country should be placed in a common pool for national use. Nationalised industry itself, he thinks, should be controlled by "directorates" of industry instead of the Ministry of Supply controls. These directorates should consist of an industrial worker or technician, a business administrator, a Service liaison officer and a representative of the consumers. These "directorates" should in turn be related to a Ministry of Industry which would co-ordinate the activities of all the nationalised industries. I feel very doubtful about the wisdom of introducing the Committee method of control for the nationalised industries. Surely it would be better if they were administered by a controller or commissioner, responsible, if you like, to a Committee representing labour, capital, consumers and State. In his proposal for equal pay for equal industrial rank, Mr. Edelman suggests classifying salaried workers into salaried groups, just as wages are classified, and he thinks that a Standstill Order equalising salaries and wages for equal work should at the same time abolish any non-productive salaries, restrict dividends and prevent the conversion of capital assets into liquid assets. The Stock Exchange, in his opinion, has no place in a working community. The rate of dividends should be fixed at 5 per cent. or 6 per cent. and no individual should be permitted to receive dividends in excess of £1,000 per annum. A Standstill Order should be placed on all private banking accounts in excess of, say, £500. Some of these proposals clearly have not been worked out. The exercise of social justice does not require the persecution of the rentier class. The restriction of individual expenditures in war does not require the destruction of personal liquidity.

I am glad to see that Mr. Edelman is unhappy about the Trade Unions, although he does not attack their evils as vigorously as he attacks those of the employers' unions. The Trade Unions, he says, have not been able to find a compromise with profit-making industry which will simultaneously forward the war and defend working-class conditions. The Unions must, he argues, be renewed, but that can only come about when they join the demand for nationalised war industry. He rightly says that the marriage of convenience between private profit and the Trade Unions has produced abortions. I agree that it is high time for a divorce. An alliance of the Trade Unions with publicly controlled industry will, he thinks, produce a healthy offspring of revitalised trade unionism. I hope he is right.

URBANUS

ROULETTE

Nostradamus, or the Future Foretold. By JAMES LAVER. *Collins.* 12s. 6d.

Everyone in wartime feels the present springing at him out of the past; Shakespeare's *Henry V* smacks of broadcasts by Mr. Churchill, Napoleon invading Russia merges with Hitler, Pitt's speeches seem to outline the Europe of the last ten years. The *idée fixe* is inescapable; there's pleasure, even a sort of satisfaction, in recognising it. It's almost, we feel, as if certain writers were speaking to us for the first time and had got wind of what was coming. A wave of day-dream may carry us on from prophetically apt passages to prophecy itself. Can't we derive here a curious consolation denied to others? There have been modern prophets not entirely discredited. Sensibility rejects our native oracles—Old Moore and Thomas the Rhymer—as being too near home. But surely somewhere abroad and a long while ago . . . Nostradamus! We shall find it all in Nostradamus.

And as prophets go, the old medicaster of Salon isn't so bad. It *does* give one a thrill to find in one of his thousand stanzas a mention of Varennes which can be construed to refer to the flight of Louis and Marie Antoinette; in another stanza he says that a king will be executed in London; a third provides an Emperor born near Italy. These are pretty good shots, enough to make the reputation of any prophet, and commentators (including now Mr. Laver) have done the rest. They give us, by artful rearrangements of the text, flashes of the French Revolution, Napoleon's conquests, and the careers of Hitler and Mussolini. Mussolini is merely called "Le duc," which one might have thought meant "the duke," but Hister for Hitler was a triumph. I don't know why Mr. Laver frowns on Hister after acclaiming dozens of muffled passages which anyone with a taste for the style might have brought off. After all, if you write 4,000 lines after this model:

> And one-eyed Caesar in the Hellespont—

you will be unlucky if Byron doesn't drown and someone in the future doesn't say that "one-eyed" obviously describes Byron's lameness, and Caesar (Augustus) refers to Augustus, and hence Augusta, Byron's half-sister.

There is nothing, of course, in Nostradamus quite so striking as Hellespont, unless you grant Varennes, which occurs in a stanza containing two other place-names which mean nothing. Hister, I think, is Nostradamus' top flight, and it is good to know that he saw so far and (comparatively) so clearly. He sees, by the way, to the end of the world, which should come about A.D. 2000.

Mr. Laver builds up Nostradamus very prettily. Convinced apparently by the bulls' eyes (or magpies) already mentioned, he does wonders with the raffish text, citing favourite lines as though they were Racine's, plucking a quatrain out of Book X and fitting it triumphantly to one in Book III, delving into anagrams and symbolical interpretations, relating scraps of history with a clarity sadly missing from the original, doing in fact his utmost to justify the old prophet, while scrupulously admitting an occasional dimness of vision. He gives us, in two chapters, some facts and fictions of Nostradamus' life. He quotes quite a number of the famous stanzas: enough to amuse and faintly thrill, to keep us from ever trying to wade through them ourselves. Obviously, except to the cryptomane, they are totally unreadable, like a mixture of bad Dylan Thomas and acrostics. I am not convinced, after reading the book, that Nostradamus deserves the elegant credulity brought to him by Mr. Laver, but any other approach might have spoilt the theme.

ALLEN & UNWIN

37,000

books are now no longer obtainable, but the following can still be supplied:

Militarism and Foreign Policy in Japan by E. E. N. CAUSTON *7s 6d net*

The Struggle for the Pacific by DR G. BIENSTOCK *12s 6d net*

The Romance of Tristan and Iseult translated by HILAIRE BELLOC *3s 6d net*

Mightier Than The Sword by FORD MADOX FORD *10s 6d net*

Wanderings among Words by HENRY BETT *6s net*

The Story of Science by DAVID DIETZ *Illustrated 7s 6d net*

The Mother's Encyclopædia edited by LEN CHALONER *Illustrated 8s 6d net*

The Life of Cæsar by GUGLIELMO FERRERO *7s 6d net*

CAMBRIDGE BOOKS
for Christmas presents

J. S. WHALE
Christian Doctrine
7s. 6d. net

T. R. GLOVER
The Disciple
2s. 6d. net

JOHN OMAN
Honest Religion
7s. 6d. net

THE NEW TESTAMENT IN BASIC ENGLISH
"A new, vivid and accurate translation." *The Times*
3s., 3s. 6d. & 8s. 6d. net each

Cambridge University Press

Mediterranean Front
by ALAN MOOREHEAD

A war correspondent's study of a field of war on which all eyes are once more concentrated. It belongs to the small class of eye-witness books which justify themselves as literature, and the publishers of *Berlin Diary* and *Looking for Trouble* present it with confidence.

Dec. 15. *10s. 6d. net*

HAMISH HAMILTON

Life on the Land BY FRED KITCHEN

'This book by a farm labourer may well take a position among the permanent literature of English country life.'—*The Times Literary Suppt.* With many fine woodcuts by FRANK ORMROD. 2nd printing. 12/6

DENT

Would *Nostradamus, or the Future Foretold* have been a better or more entertaining book if its author had believed less? No, I don't think so. Half the fun is the trickiness, the enthusiasm of the chase, the fervour with which Mr. Laver pulls his own leg. "It has something of the crossword, something of the detective story," says the blurb, "but it is also a valuable contribution to history, and in its last chapter makes a serious attempt to reconcile a belief in Nostradamus with a rational interpretation of the Universe." I particularly enjoyed that last chapter, which ranges over palmistry, clairvoyance, time-travelling and Jung's Collective Unconscious. Mr. Laver develops one really wonderful argument. J. W. Dunne (he says) could experience in dreams an event which did not happen to him till twenty years later. "If twenty years, why not two hundred years? The difference between Dunne's pre-visions and those of Nostradamus is a difference in degree and not a difference in kind." This seems to assume that Nostradamus had a lifetime of two hundred years and more to dream upon, that in fact he may still be alive. Perhaps he is. If we accept the rest of Mr. Laver's claims, I don't see why we should boggle over this.

G. W. STONIER

DOCTORS AND NURSES

A Doctor Remembers. By E. A. BARTON. *Seeley, Service.* 12s. 6d.
Wartime Health and Democracy. By HUGH CLEGG. *Dent.* 1s.
British Medicine. By R. MCNAIR WILSON. *Collins.* 3s. 6d.
Hospital Nurse. By DOREEN SWINBURNE. *Herbert Jenkins.* 8s. 6d.

Of these four books, one is written by a nurse and three are written by doctors. Two of the medical authors are not in practice, but are well-known journalists. It will surprise me if, before very long, Miss Swinburne does not join the ranks of professional writers. Dr. Barton, we can be quite sure, will not at this stage start on a new career; though, in some ways, his book is the most entertaining of the four.

Dr. McNair Wilson was one of Sir James Mackenzie's pupils, and, in a well-known book, has written an admirable account of his master's life and work. He himself practised for some years as a heart specialist, and is now Medical Correspondent of the *Times*. His *British Medicine* has the great advantage over the other three in that it is presented in an attractive and distinctive format. It is one of the best done books yet issued in the "Britain in Pictures" series, to which David Cecil, G. M. Young, David Low, Edmund Blunden, Ernest Barker, W. J. Turner, Edith Sitwell and other distinguished writers have contributed or are contributing volumes. The story of British medicine does not lend itself easily to pictorial illustration; and the portraits of doctors are not always as romantic as are their lives and their works. Yet, the very ordinariness of the faces of the great physicians and surgeons here shown is instructive. In these forty-eight pages, Dr. Wilson has compressed a coherent, interesting and informing technical and almost spiritual history of British medicine, from Harvey to Robert Jones. The one criticism that might be made is that medicine is not, and has not been, as distinctively national as Dr. Wilson suggests; its very uninsularity being a human asset that may prove to have enormous value. Even in these few pages, one cannot help noticing such un-British names and portraits as those of Hippocrates, Galen, Fabricius, Pasteur, Semmelweiss, Kitasato, Eijkman and Ehrlich. Internationalism will creep in.

A minor point: Is it quite true to say that Mackenzie "showed that sensation is confined to the outside of the body"? Surely the established fact is that internal structures directly respond to stimuli other than those to which the surface of the body is most subject. The "handling" of the ureter is painless enough; but the passage of a renal calculus through a ureter is about the most painful incident which its victim is ever likely to experience.

Dr. Clegg's little book is quite impersonal and almost purely informative. It is well constructed, and summarises with accuracy a whole mass of information, statistical and other, which everyone offering a criticism or proposing a reconstruction of our health services would be wise to read and master. The author's own attitude, like that of most men with first-hand experience, to the problem of medical reconstruction is democratic and anti-bureaucratic. Dr. Clegg has the faculty of making important yet potentially dull facts interesting to lay as well as to medical readers.

Dr. Barton's reminiscences will be appreciated by many readers whose sense of humour is not too far from the surface. Gossipy medical autobiographies have a considerable vogue, for most people love scandal, sharing the monkey's instinct of curiosity about things which do not directly concern them. A doctor is the holder of many secrets. He sees more and hears more than do most people of the intimacies of men's and women's lives—of the things not generally talked about, of the skeletons in the cupboards, of primitive lapses from current conventions. In the light of all this it is easy to understand why books such as *A Doctor Remembers* are found so readable by so many. It is an exceptionably good book of its class, containing what the publisher calls "a singularly inexhaustible fund" of harmless, mildly amusing stories, all of which might have been told in the most Victorian of Victorian drawing-rooms. Dr. Barton is now in his late seventies, having qualified as a doctor more than fifty years ago. He is not, nor does he pose as, a literary artist. As a document, the value of his book is thereby increased. The humility of his attitude to those whom he reckons superior to himself, either socially or intellectually, is pathetically endearing. It obviously gives him pleasure to publish as a frontispiece a reproduction of his portrait, painted in 1914 by Sir Luke Fildes ("Sir Luke completely filled my conception of the perfect English gentleman, with his charming manners and high sense of honour"); and to tell us that Amélie, the late Queen of Portugal, taught him his "early steps in dancing in the Old Oak Room in the Palace" at Hampton Court. For most of his life he practised as a family doctor in Kensington Square; and, in the course of fifty years, he came into personal relations with a large number of prominent persons, from Ruskin and Mark Twain to Ramsay MacDonald ("a handsome young bachelor, with whose views on humanity I could not agree. Little did I then think I was talking to a future Prime Minister"). Incidentally, the book gives one of the truest pictures of the medical world, the medical ethic and the conventional medical attitude to life, in the final decade of the last century, that has come my way.

Miss Swinburne's *Hospital Nurse* is also autobiographical. It narrates, with considerable skill and unaffected art, her day-by-day impressions and experiences as a London hospital nurse. Some four years ago she entered the Westminster Hospital as probationer, and has now completed her course, fully trained and qualified. The story is vividly told, and is characterised throughout by frankness, honest and understanding criticism and a degree of judgment unusual in one so young. At the moment there is, once again, much talk of reform in the conditions of life of the hospital nurse. Heaven knows such reform is long enough overdue. As Miss Swinburne says, "One day there will be a different attitude towards nurses . . . one would suppose that a woman capable of looking after a ward of sick persons might possibly first be capable of looking after herself. As it is, a matron of a hospital finds herself in the position of being responsible for the virtue and well-being of every one of her nurses." The final words of her book might have been written by a twentieth century Florence Nightingale.

It is difficult to say what can be done, but first it is essential to look upon the possibilities of "greatness" that exist in nursing. Too often it is regarded as a mere backwash into which drift people with little initiative and too proud to be domestics. Others regard it as unworldly and purely charitable. In fact, it should be considered as an interesting, remunerative profession for ordinary girls who have a lively interest in ordinary human beings, and a natural aversion to suffering.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED
1677
For every class of Banking Business
Head Office:
71 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C. 3

I keep fit and so can You!

For over ninety years Beecham's Pills have been dealing gently yet effectively with everyday ills and ailments. Get some to-day! They are the perfect laxative.
Purely vegetable.
Beecham's Pills
Sold Everywhere
Worth a Guinea a Box

'Second to None'

Smoke
GREYS
CIGARETTES
Just honest-to-goodness tobacco—that's what has given them their wonderful name!
20 for 1/6 ★ 10 for 9D
Issued by Godfrey Phillips Limited

Uncommonly good presents cost less than you'd expect at Heal's.
If you cannot come and see them, write for our Christmas folder.
HEAL'S
Tottenham Court Road · London W1

It is so often thought that a nurse mustn't mind the sight of human suffering. It seems to me that she should hate it; she may then do everything in her power to avert it. But, as I have said, she should be ordinary; able to understand all the little vanities, jealousies, generosities, joys and fears of mankind. In all she should be tolerant, and know when not to show it.

HARRY ROBERTS

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The Babar Story Book. By JEAN DE BRUNHOFF, told by ENID BLYTON. *Methuen.* 6s.
The Story of Simon. By SUZETTE DONEUX. *Murray.* 2s. 6d.
The Visit to the Farm. By HAROLD JONES. *Faber.* 5s.
The Strange Adventures of Emma. By DOROTHY ANN LOVELL. *Faber.* 6s.
Sam Pig Goes to Market. By ALISON UTTLEY. *Faber.* 6s.
Ten Tales of Tim Rabbit. By ALISON UTTLEY. *Faber.* 2s. 6d.
Six Tales of the Four Pigs. By ALISON UTTLEY. *Faber.* 2s. 6d.
A Squirrel Called Rufus. By RICHARD CHURCH. Illustrated by JOHN SKEAPING. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.
Horses in the Valley. By BRIAN FAIRFAX-LUCY. *Oxford.* 6s. 6d.
We Couldn't Leave Dinah. By MARY TREADGOLD. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
The Children of Primrose Lane. By NOEL STREATFIELD. *Dent.* 7s.
Missee Lee. By ARTHUR RANSOME. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Crusoe Island. By M. E. ATKINSON. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.
Snow Bird. By VIRGINIA PYE. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.
Visitors from England. By ELISABETH KYLE. *Peter Davies.* 7s. 6d.
So Early in the Morning. By ELIZABETH GORELL. *Heinemann.* 5s.
I Go by Sea, I Go by Land. By P. L. TRAVERS. *Peter Davies.* 7s. 6d.

THE war has made a considerable impact upon the nursery bookshelf this Christmas. It is specially sad news that Babar has been partially destroyed by Blitz. One or two of the large and delightful quartos are still available, and in the meantime Enid Blyton has produced a compendium of them all, including most of the pictures, reduced in size and, alas, uncoloured, and with the text enlarged by padding of so flavourless a description as to be unnoticeable. If there are still children who do not know Babar and cannot get hold of the original editions, they will be sure to enjoy *The Babar Story Book*. Other picture-books for small children are *The Story of Simon*, a simple tale with very gay pictures, and *The Visit to the Farm*, written and illustrated by Harold Jones, whose pretty if almost too innocuous illustrations are already popular. Both are for ages 3 to 6. An old-fashioned and literal-minded little girl of 6 to 9 would like *The Strange Adventures of Emma*, an unusual and well-written story about a Royal doll who escapes from a museum and ends up mounting the steps of Buckingham Palace.

For animal lovers there is a new Alison Uttley, *Sam Pig Goes to Market* (4 to 8), as well as two new titles in her 2s. 6d. series. Miss Uttley's stories, which are in the Beatrix Potter tradition, are well known to all listeners-in to the Children's Hour. She knows exactly what children like, but it is a pity she has in this new volume deserted her first illustrator. Richard Church has produced in *A Squirrel Called Rufus* (6 to 10) a curiously bloodthirsty account of a war between the red and grey squirrels, whose savage battles might agitate those animal-loving children who are sentimental or squeamish about their furry friends. The modern child is supposed to be tough and realistic, however, and those who are will enjoy this dramatic story as well as John Skeaping's lovely pictures. The squirrels' thoughts and feelings are minutely entered into in a partly animal, partly human way. "It's very decent of you," says one squirrel to another. "Oh, that's all right. I couldn't let you down, could I?" One cannot help feeling that the grey squirrel hordes, with their "pincer movements" are described with other grey-clad armies in mind, and in this connection I would like to protest generally against the odious habit of launching sly jokes and wise reflections over the children's heads at the grown-up who is reading aloud to them.

There are two books for any older children (8 to 14) whose eyes light up at "the magic word 'Ponies.'" *Horses in the Valley*, a straightforward and conventional tale about ponies and very little else, and *We Couldn't Leave Dinah*. This last is an excellent example of a type of book which is as well represented in the modern nursery as stories about witches and fairies were thirty years ago. Such books are of full novel-length, packed with incident and excitement and peopled by a family of children whose supernatural practical efficiency puts one to the blush, and who can make rafts, smelt gold, or deal with broken legs, fire and flood with no sign of emotion except an occasional "Gosh!" or "Golly!" *We Couldn't Leave Dinah* is one of the best of a very good bunch of these, all suitable for boys and girls of about 7 to 13. It describes the taking of an imaginary Channel Island, and the foiling of an invasion plan by two spirited children. A German spy is hounded down by *The Children of Primrose Lane* and among the "escapist" stories are a new Ransome and a new M. E. Atkinson for fans, both well up to standard. In *Missee Lee* the Swallows and Amazons are captured by a Chinese lady pirate with highbrow leanings, and in *Crusoe Island* the Lockett children are marooned in a cottage in a flood. It is the wettest story I have ever read. *Snow Bird* is slow to start, but then whirls one away to the breathless world of stem-turns and christies, ending with the invention by one of the heroes of a very exciting snow-glider. *Visitors from England* has the west of Scotland for its setting and concerns a buried wreck and various Highland characters.

Lastly, there are two products of the evacuation of children to America. Lady Gorell has written, in *So Early in the Morning*, wistful recollections of her family overseas. It is a book for other wistful mothers. *I Go by Sea, I Go by Land* is the imaginary diary of a child evacuee. Genuine children's diaries are often bad enough, but bogus ones are intolerable, especially when—as in this one—there can be heard behind the childish phrases the ghostly overtones of the adult, voicing tender and penetrating reflections.

FRANCES BIRD

A WAR NOVEL

This Above All. By ERIC KNIGHT. *Cassell.* 9s. 6d.

A dust cover of appalling inanity and sentimentality may prevent many intelligent readers from discovering that this is one of the very few interesting novels that have yet come out of this war. It is long and very readable; it discusses with sincerity the sort of questions which many people ask themselves privately and scarcely dare to discuss in public.

The story is simple. Clive, the hero, is on leave after the extravagant experiences of Flanders and the beach of Dunkirk; in the black-out he takes up with a W.A.A.F. girl, who comes from a conventional set, but who is both sensitive and intelligent. These two discuss the world at great length, and the climax of the book comes with her discovery that Clive does not intend to return to the Army when his leave is up. The relations between Clive and Prue are handled with much subtlety; Mr. Knight's skill is particularly shown with the arrival of Monty, Clive's soldier companion from Dunkirk. Monty gives her some account of the war he has shared with Clive; his description does not burke those loathsome details which the novelist liked to recall fifteen years ago, but about which newspapers are now reticent. Monty is an admirable character study of the old soldier, whose code is loyalty to his chum; who accepts Authority as absolute even while he will score off it and scrounge from it at every opportunity. There is also a

NELSON

H. E. Bates

THE MODERN SHORT STORY

Mr. Bates, himself one of the greatest living short story writers in English, has written a major work of literary criticism and history. This book should do for the short story and this period what the books of E. M. Forster, Edwin Muir and Percy Lubbock did for the 1920 period in their classic books on the novel.

7s. 6d. net

READY VERY SHORTLY

PARKSIDE WORKS EDINBURGH

Published Dec. 19

U.S.S.R. SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

VOL. 3 Democracy in Practice

gives all the facts at last. Nine articles by Soviet citizens. Two pictorial diagrams and eight pages of splendid photographs. 2/6

Vol. 1. INDUSTRY
Vol. 2. AGRICULTURE & TRANSPORT
Vol. 4. CULTURE AND LEISURE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Please write to 2, Southampton Place, W.C.1, for our complete list of publications.

Lawrence & Wishart
(Distributors: Simpkin Marshall)

Your Will

The appointment of the Westminster Bank as Executor or Trustee ensures immunity from the expense and trouble which arise from the necessity of appointing new Trustees by reason of death or other cause.

By a simple codicil the Bank can be appointed in substitution for, or in addition to the Executors or Trustees already nominated in a Will.

A booklet giving conditions of appointment may be obtained at any branch or from

Westminster Bank
LIMITED
Head Office: 41 Lothbury, E.C.2

MODEL RAILWAYS AND SMOKING

are both pleasures we have to curtail in War-time, *but* if you are a Model Railwayite it may interest you to know that BASSETT-LOWKE LTD. are still carrying on!

● You will want something for 'the boy' at Christmas. Send for our catalogues.

● Here they are: WTC/14—War-time List of Model Supplies. Price 1/-.
GR/14—Devoted to Gauge 'O' Railways. Price 9d.
TT/14—The 'OO' Gauge Twin Train Table Railway. 3d. post free.

● THE MODEL RAILWAY HANDBOOK—by W. J. Bassett-Lowke, M.I.Loco.E., is a fascinating Christmas Gift for boys young and old! 150 pages—200 illustrations. Price 3/6. Postage 4d.

BASSETT-LOWKE LTD
● NORTHAMPTON ●
LONDON: 112, High Holborn, W.C.1 MANCHESTER: 28, Corporation St.

secondary plot peopled by characters straight out of Galsworthy. The old General, who potters about his club and fails to get a job in the war, only to find eventually that he has a natural job when the air raids begin; the well-to-do Englishwoman, Iris, who sees the war simply as an inconvenience while she has the right to escape by evacuation to the United States; the picture of the American millionaire with his fantastic estates in the West, and his daughter, athletically disciplined, but sexually free and brought up to assume that she must always have what she wants when she wants it—these are all, if you like, types, but they are types admirably drawn and individualised.

But the book turns on the long argument about the war. It puts a case which is, I think, hidden from most upper-class Englishmen. Here is a man whose courage is indisputable. Monty gives away the fact that he deliberately stayed behind on the beach at Dunkirk because he did not like getting into a boat before the man next to him. Told like that the incident may sound sentimental and unreal. In fact, Mr. Knight's description precisely conveys that subtle difference between the instinctive act of a brave man who is working in conditions of acute danger and who forgets to think about himself, and the sort of romantic and unreal heroism which a novel-reading civilian may expect from the man who earns a military decoration. The girl, Prue, is quite sure what the war is being fought for. The British tradition of freedom and all the rest of it. Clive, the working-class soldier, explains that he comes from a class which has not shared very much in this glorious tradition. He describes a life of work from early childhood, of unemployment and rough usage. He volunteered willingly with the rest to fight the Nazis. The experience of the war in Flanders made him doubt if it was any longer worth while. At this moment after Dunkirk, she asks whether we were going to lose the war. He replies no, we should win it. "But it isn't the war," he said, "it's something bigger than that—and we have lost that already." He must puzzle out what it is that is lost. Later he says that those in Britain who have been motivated by greed and fear and let everything slip because they were afraid of losing what they had "have destroyed all that strong generations and strong men have worked and fought and died to obtain." He is no pacifist and sees that many wars for freedom have been worth fighting, but after the experience of 1940 he doubts whether it can be worth while to go on being massacred because of the incompetence of leaders who understand neither the war into which they have led us, nor the aspirations of those who are killing and being killed. This argument, long sustained and well reasoned, explains the aspect of the war which is most difficult to explain to comfortable people and most easily covered up by the conventional phrases about "morale." Clive, let there be no doubt about it, is as good a patriot as Winston Churchill and he is proud, too, of the very qualities of which Winston Churchill is proud. The Chamberlains, the brass hats, and the tuft-hunters have, he feels, destroyed the England for which he would gladly have fought. The weakness of the book is that Prue's patriotic reply is on a much more emotional and conventional level and that the final conclusion of the book, which ends with the moral that we must "stick it" somehow and make a better England out of the war somehow, is stated without the conviction with which Clive has expressed his doubts about the survival of the England that he loves.

TOM PAINE

* * *

The reviewer of *English Farming* in last week's issue said that the book was published at the instance of the British Council. This was a mistake for which we are sorry; Messrs. Collins are entirely responsible for the series "Britain in Pictures" of which *English Farming* is one.

Week-end Competitions

No. 619

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for a verse-translation of Gautier's *Noël*:

Le ciel est noir, la terre est blanche;
Cloches, carillonnez gaîment!
Jésus est né; la Vierge penche
Sur lui son visage charmant.

Pas de courtines festonnées
Pour préserver l'enfant du froid;
Rien que les toiles d'araignées
Qui pendent des poutres du toit.

Il tremble sur la paille fraîche,
Ce cher petit enfant Jésus,
Et pour l'échauffer dans sa crèche
L'âne et le boeuf soufflent dessus.

La neige au chaume pend ses franges,
Mair sur le toit s'ouvre le Ciel,
Et, tout en blanc, le chœur des anges
Chante aux bergers: 'Noël! Noël!'

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, December 22nd.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 616

Set by G. W. Stonier

Commerce provides some strange uses of the epithet: "practical tailor," displayed on many windows, is an example. We offer the usual prizes for the best lists of half a dozen new epithets for trades or professions. *E.g.* punctual plumber.

Report by G. W. Stonier

One or two correspondents sent notes on actual usage. Why, asked Mr. William Bliss, always *family butcher*? Is there no demand for a *bachelor's butcher*? There is room for the court bicycle-maker, the high-class block of flats *without* "uniformed porter," the free-and easy riding school, the Cheltenham comedian, the sub-cinema. A reshuffle, a bold use of the thesaurus, would do us all good, whether we buy or sell. Then we might be free to drink stout with the assurance that it was bad for us, to smoke cigarettes guaranteed to give sore throats, to eat little pies at a Maison Lyons that weren't described on the menu as "individual."

Some good new epithets have been dealt round. In the aggregate, this competition has been as successful as it has been popular. But six, rather surprisingly, seems to have been too large a number of epithets to ask for. No competitor, at any rate, managed to get more than three or four hits, and I recommend that a prize of 5s. each be given to Patrick Thornhill, Little Billee, W. S. Craddock, Miss R. E. Binns, Towanbucket, Doreen Hastilow and E. L. (address please). The following list has been compiled from a large number of entries, including the prize-winners':

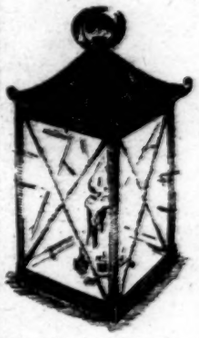
Matchless tobacconist, occasional tobacconist, love-proof locksmith, fast typist, clean sweep, sane hatter, hard hatter, confidential postman, exclusive commissionaire, practising musician, discreet window-cleaner, straight ploughman, sensitive undertaker, live undertaker, taciturn barber, peerless peer, volatile chemist, ripping laundry, court solicitor, genuine art-dealer, legless bookie, foreign co-respondent, free french-polisher, bespoke politician, dumb waiter, typical waiter, fervid masseuse, pure milkman, aspiring steeplejack, compassionate lawyer, radical butcher, society fishmonger, impulsive turf-accountant, dogged rat-catcher, recognised gigolo, chained librarian, favourite bookmaker, sporting bookmaker, orthodox pianotuner, conditioned psycho-analyst, family undertaker, discriminating dustman, probable plumber, bloody butcher, bijou butcher, motorised midwife, swell publican, sweet tart, cursory bargee, Freudian nanny, all-round specialist, harmonious blacksmith, extra dry cleaner, Fabian furnisher, painless critic, decent draper, last cobbler, fashionable tripedresser, biddable auctioneer, quiet housebreaker, obedient servant, preferred curate, certified hatter, transient roadmender, accommodating landlady, upright piano-tuner, qualified politician, tender butcher, superior understudy.

"Until a month ago no Englishman had been here"
writes a smoker on an official mission to the borders of Indo-China

yet there he found
JOHN SINCLAIR'S Barneys
Barneys (*medium*), Punchbowle (*full*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*). 1 oz. 1/9½d.

Today's Bright Thought
You may have as much
HOVIS
as you like
Best Bakers Bake it Macclesfield

Christmas 1941



This Christmas please think of the patients in The Royal Cancer Hospital, visited with a malignant disease that is among the most dreaded enemies of mankind, and send a Christmas gift, however small, to The Secretary,
The Royal Cancer Hospital
FULHAM RD., LONDON, S.W.3

Catarrhal Colds AVERTED!
'ASPRO' SUCCESS!
Mrs. V. MOORE, of Fulham, writes:—"I would like to express my gratitude for many colds averted by 'ASPRO' tablets. As a sufferer from catarrh I am extremely liable to catch a cold from the slightest change of temperature or damp. I found a few years ago that a few 'ASPROS' taken immediately there were signs of 'snuffles' promptly stopped further development of the trouble, and since then the only severe colds I have had have been owing to delay in getting 'ASPRO'. I have been glad to recommend them widely to my friends, who have, without exception, thanked me for a really valuable 'tip' for staving off a cold."
Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED Slough, Bucks.
OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES ASPRO
PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3½ 6½ 1/3½ 2/6½